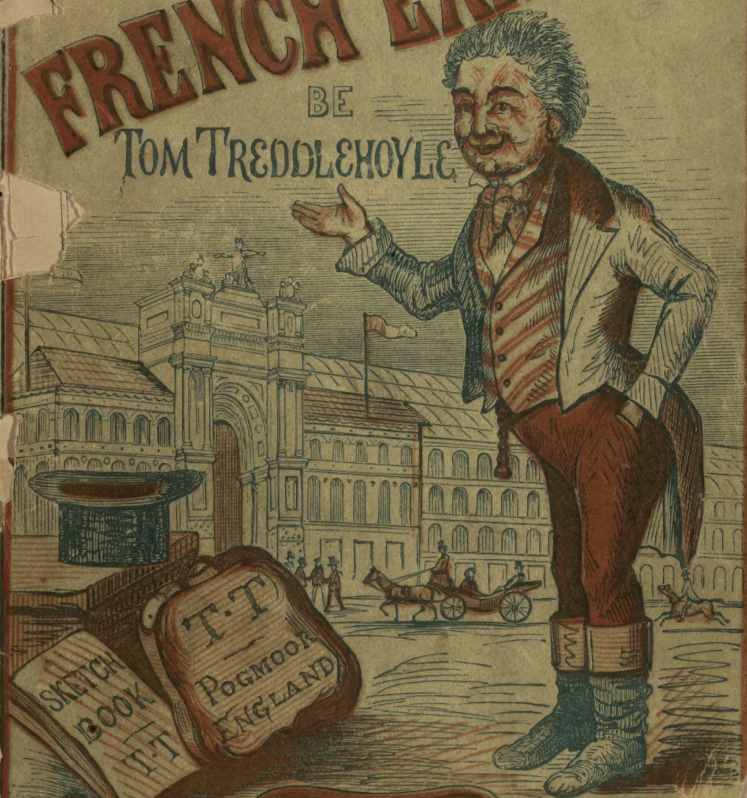


EX. 1851. 428

A VISIT TO THE GREAT FRENCH EXHIBITION BY TOM TREDDLEHOYLE



LONDON:
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TA

T'GREAT FRENCH

Exhebishan:

WE A

PEEP AT T'CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

BE

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE, ESQ.

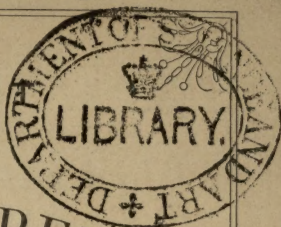
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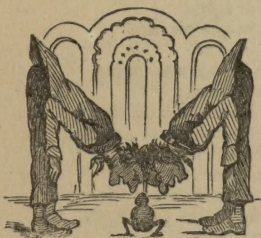
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TO
NAPOLEON,
EMPEROR AT FRENCH,
This Book,
CONSARNIN
T'PARIS GREAT EXHEBISHAN
OF 1855,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BE HIS
HUMBLE SARVENT,
Tom Creddehoyle.

AN ADDRESS TA LOUIS NAPOLEON,

T'EMPEROR AT FRENCH.



AY it please yer Majesty,—just
wal ah say
A wurd or two here in a plain
Yorksher way,—
Ta sit yersen daan, an wide hop-
pan yer ear,
For nowt sal go in, mind, but wot
yo can bear.
Then wot ah've to say ta yer
Majesty's this:—

Ah've nawn ya for years an am sure t'truth it is,
At nivver hev ah sin me nawin began,
E'er fun yo owt else but a good natur'd man;
But queere larks will t'wisest a men at times frame,
Be they gentle or simple, t'will happen all t'same:
An wunce ah remember yo startin a trip,
Az fearse az a Nelson, on board ov a ship
Wethaght e'er a gun, or owt a that soart,
Ta fire off a' t'deck or aght ov a poart,
A marchant-ship t'wor, mann'd we true British tars,
As ferm an as toff az it deck or it spars;
An away daan t'owd Tems then yo glided along,
Full ov heigh spirits for t'taan a'Bolong.—
But when yo gat there, gensdarmes in a swarm
Soo in saw oa it wor, an gav an alarm;
An sowgers e hundards then quickly did cum,
A foot an a horseback, ta t'beatin a t'drum,—
An there yo wor tane inta custody strong,
For tryin, they sed, ta tay t'taan a'Bolong,
But wor agean freed, an aght in a crack,
On sayin ta England yod tay yersen back;
So sed, so it wor, an ow'r t'narrow stream
Yo sail'd an safe landed e Lunnan agean.
An theer agean snugly lived on for awhile,
Enjoying t'full freedom ov ar little Isle,
Till, all ov a sudden, a levellin plan
Sprang up like a fire, an through England it ran;

AN ADDRESS TA LOUIS NAPOLEON,

To arms then wor sowgers, civilians likewise,
 Expectin nowt else but a general rise—
 An weel ah remember, e t'bussalin doo,
 At yo wor a constable good, and az true
 Az onny e Lunnan or other big taan,
 An reddy as t'best ta put turbalance down.—
 Nah this thing it pleaz'd ma, hey more than enuff,
 To find yo wor made a sich capital stuff.—
 Haivver all pass't off e quiat away,
 Wethaght staff or skufftin bein called into play :
 An t'wor better be far at so it sud be
 For Englishmen awlas sud try to agree,
 An let strangers knaw 'at wun people we are,
 United in peace, an if need be, in war.

Time pass't on apace, then Frenchmen began
 To stur up sedishan, an treason ta plan ;
 T'king's palace they fell on an knockt it hauf daan,
 An aght t'owd king scamper'd wethaght hat or craan.
 Then making for t'coast he embark'd forthwith,
 Assuming the wide-spread cognomen of Smith,
 An straightway ta England he made in a boat,
 Much thenking his stars when he wunce gat afloat ;
 Then after a tossin and dangeras jont
 He stept on ta t'shore, and made streight for Claremont,
 Where he lived on e peace an e quiet, till death
 Stept into his chamber and ask'd for his breath.
 While France all this time we contention and strife
 Wor torn, noan seeming to care for his life,
 Till yer Majesty cam and put things to reights,—
 Yo quietand sedishan, an sattled all t'feights.
 An t'President bein elected be t'voice
 Ov t'nation a France, their general choice,
 Yo 'gan ta look raand ta see what sud be dun,
 What wanted upsettin, what owt to be wun.
 But e'en we all this, nah yod plenty ta do,
 An that too yer Majesty varry weel knew ;
 Ta mack yersen safe then yo next did address
 Yorsen ta put daan all t'Republican press,
 An ne'er stay'd until yod establish'd a law
 Ta silence their humbug an quietan their jaw.
 Changarnier an Cavaignac,—dangeras chaps,—
 Fell next e yer plan ta cum in for their raps.
 Dismiss'd then they wor wethaght e'en saying why,
 For yo did not intend 'at theaze men sud pry
 Inta all 'at yo did, nor frustrate yer plan,
 For yo did'nt want teytchin be no mortal man.—
 An safer thowt yo it would be for yersen
 To rid yer brave army a two sich like men.—
 Yo next did a thing 'at wod menny men scar'd
 That wor ta disbandon yer Nashanal Guard ;

A bould stroak it wor e yor station ta do,
But try it yo did, an carried it through.—
An reight ah sud say it wor at yo did,
For nivver scarce wod they do as they wor bid.
Unsafe, too, it made it when owt wor amiss
Ta know which thay'd go to, to that side or this,
Ta t'king or ta t'mobile, thersenze, or for who:
This just wor the case, let who will say no.

Then hevin accumulisht theaze things just like smoak,
T' coup d'état next yo mannidged, a maisterly stroak
Be which yo just pleaz'd both t'rich man an t'poor,
Who hailed yo we shaats ov "*vive l'empereur!*"
As yo pass't along t'streets, for whereivver yo went
Theaze words wor bawled out at t'top a ther bent.—
Then t'title yo tade a Napoleon the Thurd,
An, on t'top a yer standards yo order'd that burd,
The eagle a France, whoaze fame far an wide
Wor yer uncle's great glory an veterans' pride,
Ta be placed as ov owd; for yo wished to remind
The brave sons of France ov the days left behind;
Still yer motto wor peace, for ah've hecard yo did say
When yo gat upa t'throan, at "*l'état c'est la paix.*"

Nah wal this wor doin as snug as cud be,
Pray wot in ar press ivvery day did we see?
Wha nowt but abuse on yer head did thay rain
An tried hard to prove at yo worrant quite sane;
An thus they went on e ther slanderin way,
But not e'en a murmurin wurd did yo say,
For this weel you knew, though it wor bad ta bide,
Yor doins wor reight, so their slander defied:
But after a while when they saw things go weel
They turned an they twisted em raand like an eel,
An nowt else but praise cud they give ivvery wun,
An said it wor wonderful wot yo hed dun.
An more than all this: wun an em all sed,
T'wor greatest a blessins at France ivver hed,
When yo upa t'throan there wor call'd for ta sit,
An sway yor breet sceptre ovr t'foaks an ovr it.

Yer plans hevin wurk't, nah, exact ta yer mind,
Determin'd wor yo, then, yod not be behind
No nashan e t'wurld, no matter wot part,
E civilization, or larnin, or art;
An up then yo started the giant-like plan,
(Which when it wor knawn inta faver it ran),
A Great Exhebishan ov ivv'rything rare,
Like Lunnan, nay more, a wurld-throngin fair.
Ta carry it aght, then, no time wor there lost,
An up sprang a beilding at wunderas cost;
An artists, an artizans, far off and near,
Ta wurk all began then, ta shew ther art there;

AN ADDRESS TA LOUIS NAPOLEON.

An cobblers, an tinkers, an all else beside,
 E ther crafts an e skill we each other vied,
 An go where yo wod, be it fact'ry or shop,
 Moast sartin yo wor on sum grand thing to pop ;
 An when it wor ax't why such things wor doin,
 Ta t'French Exhebishan thay sed thay wor goin :
 Wal t'foaks here e England wor noan behind t'rest
 Ta shew all t'consarns at thay end mack t'best.—
 Ah think at for gim-cracks, or owt e that line,
 We am'ot much famed, an dunot much shine,
 But owt at's for use, if we've nobbat fair play,
 Al be baand noan sal beat us, be who they may.

But while this wor pushin, theer cam an alarm
 Which called upa Freeman for Freedom to arm ;
 For t'Russian sowgers, we lances and dirks,
 Hed been sent to attack their neighbours the Turks ;
 But England and France sooin between em agreed
 At they'd stop this Great Bear in his desperate speed,
 For reight ovver Turkey and Europe, no daght
 He'd ment to a gallop't, for sich wor his raat.
 But mind this, yer Majesty, sure as a gun,
 We'll lick him reight weel, for three's stronger than one ;
 Wha Alma and Inkerman, them varry two,
 I'me sure is enuff ta show what we can do ;
 If not, Balaklava, there is then beside,
 Where though dearly t'wor wun, yet we tanned em ther hide :
 Eupatoria's a spot where agean it wor dun,
 An t'Turks laced em saandly an made em all run ;
 For ivvery time at a Russian feels
 Just t'least prick a t'steel, wha he tacks ta his heels
 An nivver turns raand, or stops ta tack wind,
 Till them at pursue him are left far behind.

Be t'way ov a finish ta wot ah've ta say,
 An afore me hat's off, an ah bid yo good day,
 I'll just tell yo wot: that alliance at's made
 'Tween England an France,—tho' sum be afraid
 'At it wi'not last long, an will do no good,—
 Is wun a t'best things, nah, when reight understood,
 At awther to England or France ivver came,
 An will add ta the lustre of each nation's fame.—

Yer Majesty, nah I mun bid yo adieu,
 Remainin yor sarvant, most humble an true,
 An wishin at nowt e'er may cum for ta spoil
 T'respect at yor held in be Tom TREDDLEHOYLE.

Tom Creddlehoyle's Vissit ta Paris,

TA

SEE T'GREAT FRENCH EXHEBISHAN.



[Portez vous bien!]

IT hev'in been unanimously decidad e me awn mind, at it wor nowt but reight, just an fair, at ah sud goa ta Paris ta see t'great French Exhebishan, for t'sake ov infama-ehan a mesen an all uther foaks else beside, livin e Yorksher, Lenkeshes, Pogmoor, Pudsa, an ivverywhere else e t'duminion a Englandshire, ta mack mesen cum-fatubble ah made me will—at least ah gat lawyer Sulfer ta do it—so at if owt happand ma, at ah sud be lost or

kill'd, at all an ivverything at ah hed it wurd sud he left behind ma, an me owd cloaze—that iz ta say, me hat, coit, an britches—gien ta t'poorist farmer e t'parish, ta mack a scaar-craw on. This bein dun, ah sent for Billy Boanbutton, tailor, ta cum wethaght loss a time ta measure ma for a bran-new suit a cloaze, for ah wantad ta let t'French foaks see at Englishmen wor deasent lookin chaps. Well, an ah think e me heart at my man Sunbeam must a run ivvery inch at road, for e less time than ah cud smook hauf a pipe a bacca, ah look't throo t'winda an saw him cumin, waddlin like a duck, we hiz noaze daan ta t'graand nearly, we Billy Boanbutton on hiz back! Wot's amis, nah? thowt ah ta mesen. Haivver ah fan it aght az sooin az he gat ta t'door, at he'd lettan t'gooise tumal onto hiz toe, hed Billy, an laim'd hizen: an he hed, too; for he'd a footit, we claat an wun thing or anuther, az big az a creddle nearly; an grin'd, he did, when he wor set upa t'floor, same az if sumady wor drawin him a tooth. Haivver he set too an measured ma we a bit a band, teein a knot here and there for t'different items—for he'd fagotten, we bein sent for e sich an a hurry, an t'pain ov hiz toe, ta bring hiz tape we him. When he'd abaght dun tayin hiz demenshans, he sed, az dry az a kex, "Tom, witta hev two or three laps ta thee coit?" Nawin at it wor a bit ov hiz roagery, ah sed, "Cum, Billy, ah

naw at yor fond a *lap*, an allas wor; sit yo daan, an yo sol hev t'thurd." Billy twitterd agean at this, an daan he sat; an wal he wor drinkin hiz drop a warm ale an ginger, ah fill'd up t'vacium we tawkin abaght t'war wit Rushans, an uther things; an when ah axt him wot weight a tailor's gooise wor, up he jumpt an sed he'd be goin. An seein at he wor e good earnest, ah call'd Sunbeam; an gettin Billy up onto hiz back agean, away thay went. But, mind yo, this journey wor a deal funnyer then wot t'furst wor, for it happand ta be just at time when all t'skooils wor low-sin; an t'bairns seein Sunbeam and nawin him, thay thowt at he'd gottan a druckan chap on hiz back, an wor carryin him home; we this thay shautad, an kept goin behint Billy an pullin at hiz coit-laps, an batterin him we sods; all a which he tade varry quiatly. Sunbeam, sumhah or anuther, catcht hiz shoe toe agean a stone, an daan he went all hiz length, an poor Boanbutton flew end ovver end for a yard or two! Well, t'lads seein this, thay kickt up a bigger scare then ivver; an it really worrant ta be wunderd at, for there Sunbeam wor we hiz hat craan knockt in, wipein t'muck off an hiz faice, an Billy set e t'middle a t'road we all t'skin off an hiz noaze, an hiz lame fooit cock't up az heigh az he cud get it, ta keep it throo bein hurt. Well, thay wor boath az mad az thay weel knew hah ta be, espeshally Billy, for when he gat onto hiz feet agean, he set off a hoppin a wun leg after t'lads az fast az he cud goa. At this Sunbeam cuddant help but laff, ta see hah t'lads enjoyed it—for he mud a hopt wal nah an he'd nivver a catcht wun on em. Haivver he dropt it, an Sunbeam went an gat him onto hiz back agean, an away thay startad; Billy gaipin like a yung rook for breath, an t'lads—all sizes an ages, ta t'caant a two or three hundard—follahin em, shautin an macking all soarts a gam, wal thay gat ta Billy's hause, when aght ran hiz wife, scaard aght ov hur sensas at seein sich an a craad after hur huzband, an wantad ta naw wot wor amis; findin it ta be all nowt, shoo set too a dausin em all saandly we wattar, wal thay went away. Sunbeam hevin landad hiz cargo, thay set too, did Billy an him, ovver a bit a bacca an a drop a home-brewd, a relating ther campaign, an rairly thay lafft abaght it; an, if owt, Sunbeam did t'hardist, for it struck him at Billy's noaze look't for all t'wurd like a burnt cork. Nah Billy's wife wor sadly off abaght it, an sed at it ad be a taan's tawk, an made war on e ivvery ear at it went into, an a ivvery maath at it cum aght on. Haivver, ta finish off we, Billy gav Sunbeam a pair a getters, at hed been made in a mistack for wun leg, be way ov a prezant for bein sa good az ta carry him on hiz back; for which he wor az pleaz'd az cud be, for thay wor just the thing at he wantad for hiz bruther, at hed a timber leg.

Time hevin drawn near for me journey, ah thowt it nowt but reight, be way a complement an deacency's sake, at ah sud pay a soart ov a hause-be-hause vissit ameng me nabors an friends, ta tawk matters ovver abaght me journey, an ta bid em good by, an for them ta do t'same to me. This ah did, wal ah wor ardy

ivver at home for a fortnit; an wot we hevin a glass a wine here, an a glass a wine there, me noaze began a gettin az red az a turkey cock's! Ah nivver saw nowt like it, foaks wor sa good an sa polite; an beside this, if ide wun box, carpit-beg, or poart-mantle offard ma, ide a hundard an fifty! Ov course ah wor varry much obleeg'd to em all for ther offers, but ah sed ah sud do varry weel we wot ah hed, for ah diddant intend ta cumber mesen we much luggidge, for it wantad az much lookin after az a pet dog in a craad, or a bairn at hed just begun ta wauk.

Well, hevin gottan on so far, an me new suit at Billy Boan-button measured ma for hevin cum, an which fittad ma ta a niceaty, ah began ta pack up me duds e me owd favrit portmantle, at ah hed when ah went ta t'great Exhebishan e Lunnan, which wor just the thing, an nice an handy ta carry abaght be a boddy's sen, wethaght hevin sa meny tuppances ta fork aght ivvery nah an then, ta see uther foaks carry it for yo. Well, ah bein snugly dun thus far, at least az far az ah thowt, for if there wor wun there wor fifty foaks abaght, botherin ma,—wun callin aght, "Tay this, Tom!" an uther callin aght, "An tay that, lad!" an uthers, "Hey, an be sure an tay so-an-so; if ta duzzant, thal rue!" Wha, it wor a regelar bedlam; but ah packt away az if ah nivver heard em, wal ah cuddant squeeze a straw in edgeway ardy, an off ah went ta bed; but wit excitement an bother, an t'fear at ah sud lig ta late, ah mud az weel a stopt up, for ah diddant get az much sleep az ad a sarv'd a bairn. So up ah gat, e good time yor sure, an after hevin a good yawn upa t'bed-side, ah lookt throo t'winda ta see wot soart ov a mornin it wor, an seein abaght five an twenty wheelbarras e t'frunt a t'hause, ah thowt ta mesen, wotivver duz that mean? are thay goin ta mack a railway, or wot ar thay goin ta do? They must, thowt ah, though ide nivver heard a syllable abaght it; an it wor a wunder, for ah reckand ta hear an naw ivverything homast. But daan stairs ah went, an a bonny job ah hed when ah gat daan, we hevin ta gie ansers ta "Good mornin, Tom!" an ta squeeze me way ta t'fire-side, for t'hause wor wedg'd full a foaks—men an wimmin, an all soarts—sum toistin muffins, sum butterin em, sum paarin aght coffee, an sum sweetanin it;—wha, it wor az good as a pantamine ta see em: an me crooidlin me feet under t'chair, ta keep em throo treiding a me toes, an missin me maath ivvery nah an then, we sa meny speiking at wunce, an callin aght, "Nah thaaze sure thaaze gottan all thagh wants? nah thaaze sure thagh hez? for doant forget nowt, wotivver ta duz!" An ta see t'sand-witches, pies, tarts, biskits, raisins, an spice at wor browt ma!—it ad a fill'd a little weggin, there wor sa much. An when ah gat ta t'door, ah sooin fun aght wot all theaze wheelbarras ment at ide seen e t'frunt a t'hause—thade cum ta wheel me luggidge! It wor varry good on em, yo naw; an if ide been gooin ta loadan t'Great Britain or Himalia steam-ships, thear cuddant a been more preperashan, so ah tell'd em at ah wor varry much obleeg'd to em for it, but ah wor goin ta tay nowt but me poartmantle.

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S VISSIT TA PARIS,

Haivver, wun on em—nay, two on em—wod wheel that, wilta shalta, an gat ivver sa far we it, wun hauf e wun barra an tuther hauf e t'tuther, before ah gat liberated throo shackin hands; an when that wor ovver, there thay wod folla ma, airm-e-airm, az menny az cud get hound, reight away ta t'station. But ah mun tell yo, at az ah wor on me way, there wor a man cum runnin up to ma at ah knew varry weel, aght a wind homast, an tayin ma ta wun side, sed, "Ha, Tom, ah want ta ax yo a varry patickalar queshtan before yo goa ta t'French country, becos am affeard at ah saant understand yo when yo cum back agean." Well, yo naw, ah lafft—for oa cud help it?—an anserin hiz queshtan, at which ah nivver saw noabdy sa pleaz'd e me life, off ah went; an az luck wod hev it, ah wor just e t'nick a time, for t'bell wor tinklin for foaks ta tay ther seats. So gettin me tickit, inta t'carriage ah popt, an wor varry near hevin me fingers trapt off wit guard cummin an bengin t'door too at time at ah wor shackin hands we two or three a me friends at wunce. Well, aght squakt t'whissal, an away we went,—clickaty, clackaty! an there all me friends wor upa t'platform, we ther faices turn'd towards uz, bowin an waivin ther hands, an biddin good by, wal t'train wor fair aght a t'seet, an long enif at after, happen, if a boddy cud a seen em. Fortnatly, ide a oal seat ta mesen, an ah wor glad on it, for it gav a boddy a bit a room ta rub ther shoolder, for it warkt ta that degree at ah cud arldy bide, we hevin sa much shackin a hands ta do.

Well, we did switch away at a bonny rate, we did that! hey, wal ah began ta wish at there wor a toathre more foaks e t'plaice, so az we cud a wedgd wun anuther fast, for ah began ta rowl up an daan e t'spot like a marrable; at last, haivver, ah gat into a corner, an there ah stuck like a leech, we boath me feet upa t'edge a t'seat anent ma, an cud look nicely aght a t'winda, an watch trees, haystacks, an tellegraff poasts, run after wun anuther; an see t'favorit owd Wath pasters, where Wombwell lads an t'chimley docktar laikt at footit ball. This pleaz'd ma so, at it browt skooil-lad days inta me legs, an ide summat ta do ta hound mesen throo laikin at footit-ball we me hat, e t'plaice; if ah hed, ah sud a scaard an owd womman rairly at far end at carriage. After this, we cum e seet a Cunsbro' Cassal, feather'd ta t'tip-top an all ovver we ivy, an guarded e t'frunt we new-leaft trees, reight away daan ta t'edge a t'bonny river Don, an then up t'valley. Ha deary me! wha onny boddiz EES at diddant glizzan at sich a chantin seet az it, desary'd ta wear bottle-glass speck-teckles; or a NOAZE at diddant snuff up t'balmy breeze, an t'sweet scent a t'blossoms an flaars, wal ther shoolders gets aboon ther hat, deserves ta hev a coud; or T'EAR at diddant crack like a glue-kettle at singin a t'larks, throssals, lennits, an uther birds,—hey, an t'hummin at bees,—deserves not ta hear t'dinner bell ring; or, last ov all, t'TONGUE at diddant speik e t'praise an admerashan ov all, deserves ta hev a pimp on it az big az a bell-button, an be pittid rairly beside, for it ingratitude!

TA SEE T'GREAT FRENCH EXHEBISHAN.

Az we wor goin on at no small speed, an az quiat az if we wor all asleep, past went a train, at which t'owd womman at ah men-shand before, squakt aght we all hur might, an samin houd on a womman at wor set next to hur, sed in a faintin soart ov a tone, "Oh deary me, missis! wot ivver iz ta becum on uz?" "Wot's amis?" axt t'womman at shood houd on, an nipt rairly. "Amis! wha t'train's splittan e two, hezzant it?" sed t'owd laidy; haivver, bein passefied at it wor nobbat a train at hed goan by, an at we wor all az safe an as reight az we cud be, shoo tade a bottle aght ov hur pookit, which, bit length on it, it must a hed cham-pain in; which lookt raither odd, an cauz'd a good laff, for shood ta stretch hur airm aght at full length before shoo cud get t'end a t'bottle into her maath, an when shoo hed, an wor tayin a good swig, t'carridges sum hah or anuther bengd wun agean tuther, which cauzd t'bottle neck ta pop aght ov hur maath, an t'sperrit ta fly all ovver hur faice! Well, shoo wor e sich an a tackin az ah nivver saw a poor womman in, for it hed spoild all t'fine flaars in hur cap, an t'ribbins in hur bonnit, which noa daght shood got-tan new ta look smart in when shoo gat to hur journey's end, ameng hur friends. Well, we gat ta Lunnan wethaght owt else paticular happanin, an aght a t'carridges we rowld we wir begs, poartmantles, boxes, an bundills, like az if we wor all scaard at thay wor goin to blaw up, or summat a that soart; an sich an a scamal, an jossalin, an noise, az ah nivver saw or heard, there wor upa t'platform, we foaks callin aght, an seekin ther friends; for we wor mixt up all tagether e noa time, like a brewin a grains. Aght ov it ah gat at last, an seramald ont a t'top ov a omnebus,—squeazd az flat az a havver-cake homast,—an away ah went ta me lodgings. T'next mornin,—hey, be six o'clock,—ah baanct aght a bed az lively az a lark, an went an hed a wauk raand t'aghtside a Sant Paul's, just ta hev a look at t'owd patri-ark for owd acquaintance sake,—for heze a bit ov a faverit a mine; an ta my thinkin, he lookt az grand an az majestic az ivver. An az if he knew at ah wor there, t'clock struck seven, an we sichan a bang, at my ears rang for ivver sa long at after; though ta me it seem'd ta say, "Hah duz ta, Tom?" an if ah cud a reicht hiz hand, ide a hed a reight good hearty shack, ah naw! Hevin gottan ma breikfast, thowt ah ta mesen, it weant do ta be idle! an all at wunce ah made up me mind ta goa ta

T'Crystal Palace, at Sydenham,

for it wor a spot at ide heard a good deal a rackit an swegger abaght, an if ah saw it then ah cud talk abaght it mesen. So bein nearish ta Hungerford brig, there ah went, an boekt mesen for t'Crystal Palace, for which ah paid 2s. 2d. for there an back, be boat an railway; an ah think ah sal nivver forget hah pleaz'd ah wor when t'boat began a sailin, ta see steamers glidin up an daan we craads a foaks on em, az if thay wor goin upa buttard ice! E cummin ta Lunnan-brig, where we hed ta get off ta get

onta t'railway, it wor a seet, that wor, at diddant owt ta be forgotten in a man's life-time,—an it strikes me varry foarcibly at it weant be e mine,—for a wun end a t'brig ta t'tuther there warrant an inch but wot there seemd summat alive, or movin on it! Omnebuses, we men piled on em like stacks a chimleys; cabs, we t'drivers sittin behint, az if thay wor affread at t'horse kickin em; an uthers sittin e t'frunt we short pipes e ther maaths, az if thear warrant enif smook e Lunnan wethaght them mackin more; draymen, crackin ther whips ta mack ther elephant-like horses get on we ther barrils a staat, az big az t'doom a Sant Paul's, nearly; foaks a-fooit, we ther different shapd hats an jibs; an a hundard uther things:—all a which made it a grand seet. But ah owt to a sed at it struck me, az we popt throo t'arches a different brigs e t'Tems, at if a tailor cud threed hiz needle az sharp, he'd be a clever soart ov a snip. E gettin ta t'railway-station, where theaze trains run ivvery hauf-haar, thear wor no small throng. Wha, so much so, at it wor no uncommon occurrence, when foaks wor rushin into t'carriages, ta see two foaks wedg'd fast it door-way! Ah warrant wun a that soart, mind yo, but ide ta pop in az sharp az if ah wor made a fork-leetnin, for all that; an off we went, an wor at t'Crystal Palace in a jiffy—hey, reight into t'place; an after goin up a lot a steps, an waukin on a long passage we trees spred aght agean t'walls like fans, an flaars a all soarts e full bloom, e beds an pots, ah landad e wot thay call t'refreshment-room. Well, here ah tade off me hat, and scratcht me napper ta think whether it ad be best ta feast t'ees or t'maath furst? when ah agreed at t'maath ad bit best, for then ah sud be better able ta wauk abaght. So daan ah sat on a chair, ameng a lot a raand tables we white marrable tops, an up cum a waiter, we a brest az red az cock robin, an a pair a legs like mould canals, an axt ma wot ide tay. "Beef," said ah; "that's the stuff for me!" an rare an good it wor, let ma tell yo, an not dear nawther, for it wor nobbat eighteenpence. This bein dun, up ah jump't az feirce an as strong az a jiant, an made for

T'CENTRAL TRANSEPT;—an t'furst object at struck ma moast wor a great marrable fella, call'd Pollux, we hiz reight hand up, an beside him wor anuther chap call'd Castor, we hiz left hand up, like az if thay wor differin, an darin wun anuther ta strike. Then there wor anuther strong fella at hed gottan a bull bit horns, an tryin ta twist it neck raand: wha yo mud homast fancy at yo cud hear it neck crack. Then thear wor a fine jiant-like figure a Francis t'Furst a France, a horseback; an anuther a Peter Paul Rubens, t'celebrated painter; an a Duquesne, vice-admaral a France; an a long raw a busts fixt up a red poasts, ov all t'great philosophers. Ah wor much pleaz'd we this pairt at beeldin, we it archt glass top, like az if it propt varry skye up, it wor sich an a height; an here an there wor staircases twistin up ta t'top like corkscrews; an plants hingin daan e baskets throo t'iron-wark like az menny burd-nests; an orange-trees, e tubs at

floor; an flags there wor beside, wit letters V. and N. on em, meanin Victoria an Napoleon; burds ov all soarts, singin az cheerfully az if thay wor aght a doors e t'woods an cloises: an wot beside, think yo? Wha there wor t'owd favourit Crystal faantan, at wor e t'Lunnan Exhebishan ov 1851! hey, there e t'middle a t'transept, az bonny an az glizzanin az ivver. Ah wor quite delightad at seet on it, for it browt ta a boddiz reckaleckshan a menny things at tade plaice at that time, az fresh az ivver. Wha it wor t'grand meetin-plaice be ivveryboddy at went inta t'Exhebishan nearly! Az for me, ah met mesen at it menny a time, an sat ma daan upa t'edge a t'basin. Hey, an thear's anuther thing at yor pricking yer ears abaght, ah naw yo ar; and that iz, me tellin yo at ah tumald inta it beside. Well, so ah did, an gat nice an wet, that's all! Ah owt ta tell yo, at wal ah wor lookin an promenadin abaght here, t'band wor playin all t'time, which ah considerd ta be a varry heigh complement to a boddy. Hevin lookt over this spot, thowt ah to mesen, a chap at cums here owt ta hev a tenpenny nail driven throo hiz memory, ta keep it throo forgettin what its seen.—Goin inta

T'EGYPTIAN COURT,—there sat a lot a things tike tigars, or summat a that soart, but they wor nowt; for when ah gat inta t'inside a t'plaice, if ah say ah diddant jump ah suddant be speikin t'truth, for ah did, at seein a lot a quear-shapt figures stanin stairin we brick-colour'd faices, an ther airms crosst. This plaice iz all propt up we pillars, thickist at bottom end, and painted we red, green, blue, an yolla; an t'walls all cuvard over we crookald zig-zag letters, like wot ah nivver saw nawther e me skooilin nor no uther days; an which wor a A, or which wor a huzzat, it ad a capt a antequarean to a nawn; so ah went inta

T'ROMAN COURT,—tayin care ta look behind ma a time or two, ta see if onny a them red faict chaps wor after ma; an a nice square room it wor, all formd a arches ov a varry cureas soart; an ameng uther rare an cureas things, wor fixt up a green pedestals, bust likenesses ov all t'celebrated Roman kings an emperors. This, mind yo, wor a pratty seet; an so iz

T'ALAMBRA COURT;—wha, it wor all gold nearly, an glizzand so it did at it made me wink like a cat e t'sun; an t'floor wor all let in we bits a stone an pot ov different shaps an colours, like az if thay heddant enif ov a soart ta cuvar it all we. Mosaik wark, ah think thay call it;—hey, but it ad a been *back wark*, it strikes me, if ide hed to a dun it: but

T'TRIBUNE A JUSTICE wor the spot for grandeur, an Owen Jones's Model Room for cureosaty.

T'HALL OV ABENCERRAGES worrant ta be past by, not so, an ah sud a been rairly off we mesen if ah heddant a seen it, for t'roof wor like az if it wor cuvard all over we red hoat cowks, we diamonds stuck in em; ah popt aght a here pretty sharply, for fear at sum on em ad be tumaln daan an burnin abody's napper, an gat inta

T'ENGLISH MIDEAVEAL COURT, which ah fun ta be a plaice filld

we statuary—sum laid a ther backs, we ther ees shut, az cum-poazd az aingils; an sum stannin streight up e t'nooks an corners, an lookin az serias az if thade lost summast. Then underneith a toombstone wor sum sowgers laid fast asleep; wha, ah homast fancied ah heard em snore, hey, an it struck me at same time at if thay wor e t'Crimea thade get wackand up, thay wod. There wor a painted doorway like wun e Litchfield Cathedral, at wor varry cureas, ah thowt; nah, this room sud be sean be ivvery body at goaze, an sweggard on when thave gottan home. T'next plaice at ah fun mesen in wor

T'RENAISSANCE COURT: an nivver mind if it worrant wurth lookin at, espeshally t'figures ov a man an wumman throo t'toomb a Maximillan, an two wimmin wethaght arms, big enif for giant wives; an t'main doors a t'Baptistry, a Florence, ah lookt at twice or three times, an after ide goan away ah lookt back ta see if ah cud see em, ah wor sa fond on em, thay wor sa grand. T'next twist at ah made wor inta

T'ELEZABETHEAN COURT, an hed a peep at a statue a Mary, Queen a Scots, laid on hur back, we a lion sat at hur feet, throo Westminster Abbey; an cloise beside a hur, e t'same posishan, wor a statue a Queen Elizabeth; yo may laff, but ah cuddant houd throo givin a bit ov a sigh when ah lookt at poor Mary, ta think wot an a cruel thing it wor a Elizabeth ta hev hur head chopt off; ah nivver cud think but wot shoo did rang (though shoo wor a bit ov a favorit a mine), an it strikes me at shoo thowt so too, but when hur head wor off, t'job wor dun; an thare awkard things ar heads ta stick on agean, at least ah suddant like ta risk it we mine, noa, an if thade been az friendly, an az quiat az thay wor e t'Crystal Palace, it ad a been az weel, hannan; well, let's think so. E goin inta t'Itallian Court ah wor much pleaz'd we a marrable faantan e t'middle on it, an grand marrable pillars; throo here ah tade a trot up inta

T'GALLERY, an stood at wun corner, an lookt up it, that iz length way, an there really seemd ta be noa end to it; statuary, orange trees, burds singin, t'roof an spars crossin like trellice wark, an t'band playin just at t'time, made it wunderfull an grand; wha, it wor hommast ta much for wun pair ov ees ta see or ears ta hear. T'galleries, yol understand, hed nowt patickalar in em ta see, thare all bein fitted up we stalls belongin ta different foaks; so heven lookt this pairt ovver, ah trottad daan inta

T'NAVE, an hed furst ov all, a hearty good snuff at Rimmel's toilet vinegar-faantan, which wor quite refreshin, for it wor az hoat, hommast, az bein e t'East Indies; an poppin throo a grand skreen, at reicht reight across t'nave, ide a furst-rate view a all t'beeldin, an me ears charm'd we t'singin a nightingales, black-burds, an throssals; theaze wor all e caiges, mind yo, but ah wor telld at in a while thay wor all goin ta be set at liberty, ta fly abaght an sing ameng t'trees; gratefied we this, ah went inta

T'GREEK COURT, where there wor a fine bust likeness ov owd Homer, an uther Greek poets, an skulpters. At t'entrance a

T'NINEVA COURT, wor sum bulls we men's faices, an wings on; whether thay wor sum a Layard's Nineva breed or not, I diddant hear, but it struck me at thay wor quear soart a animals, an ad look raither odd, awther flyin or pearkt in a tree. T'next wauk at ah hed, ah fun mesen ameng

T'NATTARAL HISTORY—or raither e different countries: furst ov all e T'ARRICK REGIONS, ameng reindeers, dogs, foxes, an huts. Then e NORTH AMERICA, e company we Indians, bears, an otters. Then e CENTRAL AMERICA, wit natives an porcupines. Then e SAATH AMERICA, smilin at a pampa yung womman, an a Jew monkey, an pleasin mesen wit American burds, an uther cureas things. Then e Chineese Tartary, India, North an Saath Africa, t'Indian Islands, an Australia, an lots a uther plaices. E wun spot e me journey, ah saw two lepard's tearin wun anuther ta pieces; in anuther, sum Indians on an elefant back shooitin a tiger; an at anuther, sum natives lettin a camel drink at a poand, an lions dartin aght a woods, an billy-goats pearkt upa t'rocks; a giraff stretchin up it long neck, az if it wantad ta thrust it noaze aght at t'top ta snuff abit a fresh air; an a menny uther things at ah heddant time ta hev a fair look at; beside, ah wantad ta be off, for ah wor affread at if ah stopt much longer, ah sud be az braan az t'natives wor, an that woddant a suitad me at all; so off ah startad for me awn country, that wor aght a doors yo naw, an here ah turnd ma raand, an foldin boath ma airms, hed a fair look at t'beeldin, an t'sun bein reight on it at time, t'central pairt just lookt for all t'wuld like a silver rain-bow; nay, ah wor maddald wit grander on it, an lookt at t'graand for awhile ta rest me ees, an ta keep me hat-craan throo flyin aght we astonishment. At awther end a this maantan a silver, which seemd ta reflect itsen agean t'skye, an az sum foaks sez it even duz do, an macks it leeter there at t'neet-time then e onny uther pairt raand Lunnan, there ar two crystal taars, we ther tops ameng t'claads, az if thay wor ment for summer-hauses for aingils, but ah understood at thay wor for ceastrans ta supply t'faantans we wattar, an ad odd 357,675 gallons: a rare supply for a teetoaller that ad be, ime suar. T'height a theaze taars ar 284 feet, an contains 800 tons a iron; an off a t'top can be seen, when thave shuvd t'claads a wun side we ther hand, five caanties, viz.:—Middlesex, Kent, Essex, Bedfordshire, an Bucks. T'engine at's uzed ta send wattar up ta t'top iz az strong az 320 a Barclay's horses, an t'pipein weighs 4000 tons, an iz ten miles e length, if it wor stretcht aght. It struck me when ah heard this, at it ad mack a grand French horn, but it ad tay a regiment a musishans ta blaw it, an then thade be rare an red e t'faice. It struck me wal ah wor here, az there hez been a good deal a hagglin abaght it, at yod happan like ta naw wot difference there wor e t'size a this spot an Paxton's Glass Lantern, at wor e Hyde Park—here it iz, then:—

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S VISSIT TA PARIS,

CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

	ft.	in.
Length	1,608	0
Greatest width	384	0
General width	312	0
Area (includin t'wings) ..	603,072	0
Height at Nave, throo t'graand floor.....	110	3
Height at centre Transept, throo t'graand floor	174	3
Height at centre Transept, throo t'basement	197	10
Area a Galleries	261,568	0

**EXHEBISHAN BEELDIN E
HYDE PARK.**

	ft.	in.
Length	1,848	0
Greatest width	456	0
General width	408	0
Area	798,912	0
Height at Nave, throo t'graand floor.....	64	0
Height at Transept, throo t'graand floor.....	102	2
Area a Galleries	233,856	0

Nah yov gottan t'size a boath beeldins, just let ma tell yo at there wor az menny az 6,400 men wurkin at t'Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, at wun time—noa joake this, mind yo, for a maister ta find t'brass for em all on a Setterday neet.

Well, turnin ma raand throo this seet, ah tade a stroll ameng t'pleasure graands, flaar gardins, an faantans, an then ameng sum rocks, surraandad we wattar, abaght which, ah saw crockadiles, allegaiters, bears, an uther freetfull animals; wha, if ah heddant a been pratty weel fast e me skin, ah sud a laupt aght on it, ah wor sa scaard at times. Bein nah delightad we wot ide seen, ah startad back for Lunnan; an az ah wor mackin me way ta me lodgings, a womman at a orange stall axt ma if ah wantad ta bye onny; shoo sed thay wor varry sweet, an held wun aght for me ta taste on, but ide raither be excusd, ah telld hur, for it wor wun at shoo hed upa t'stall a purpas for foaks ta suck at; an bit look on it, it struck me at a chimney sweep hed hed t'last suck, for thear wor a black ring raand it. Hevin gottan lined a little bit inside we refreshment, an rested, ah went ta t'Egyptian Hall, ta hear Albert Smith tell hiz tale abaght goin up Mont Blank, an slurrin daan agean; an after sittin awhile we me head agean t'roof nearly, abaght e happan wun at muckyist lookin spots thear wor e all Lunnan taan, sum musick struck up, an aght cum Albert an began a tellin hiz tale, an a tale it wor, but not wun at ah liket be a long way, no, it wor a regelar coud affair, though ah wor sweltad nearly, for we wor packt az cloise az a box a lucifer matches, nearly; an ah wor tell'd at it hed been so ivvery neet for long enif. This capt me, for if he wor ta come daan ta Pogmoor an tell sich an a lame tale, he'd get snawball'd, an rairly too, if thear wor onny. T'fact wor, he wor at t'top a Mont Blank e noa time, az hard an az slippy az he reckand ta mack it, an back agean e less, for he cum daan agean like leetnin; my opinion iz, at he must a stun'd hizsen at time, macks him tawk sich stuff. It woddant a been a bad plan for sumady to a puttan a snaw-drift at bottom at hill; beside, hiz tales at he expectad foaks ta laff at, thay wor az owd az Adam. Haivver, he finisht at last, an pleazd ah wor, for whether he wor tiard we hiz journey or noa, ah wor tiard we sittin, an aght at plaice ah gat az sooin az ah eud. T'next morning ah gat all sward an sattald off, redly for startin a me

Journey ta Paris.

But there wor wun thing ah mun tell yo on: at ivvery time at ah cum daan stairs in a mornin, thay staid, did foaks at t'hause at ah wor stoppin at, az if ide gottan a chist a drawers under me airm, or a bed quilt or bolster e me pocket; ah diddant like this a bit, but ah sed nowt, an away ah went at t'top ov an omnebus we me poartmantle for Lunnan-brig stashan, an there paid a sovereign for me fare in a seekand class carridge ta Paris, be way a Newhaven an Dieppe. Before startin, ah registered me luggidge, for which ah paid a shillin, an cheap too, ah thowt, for then ide no more care or bother abaght it, an az luck wod hev it ah gat into a carridge where there wor sum nice civil yung chaps, at wor goin ta Paris az weel az mesen; this made me heart feel az leet az a bung—a cork, ah mean; an sittin next ta t'winda, a spot which ah allas get too, when ah can, ide a nice opportunitaty a lookin aght an sein t'benty a t'country, an which wor really beutifull an interestin. A wun side ah past t'spot where thay wor goin ta beeld a home for t'poor orphan bairns at hed lost ther fathers e t'Rushan war: that tucht ma, that did, an made ma look az solid az a peece a rock, for a mile or two. Then cum Lewis Cassal, we it jag'd, brokan-daan walls, remindin wun at owd Oliver Crunil hed been abaght it cannister we sum on hiz cannister shot an iron dumplings. And then Saath Daans, we it broad dingy faice, az if a whirlwind hed blawn ivvery tree an shrub offan it, an chalk lumps peepin aght here an there, like t'huggan bones ov an owd worn-aght stager. Then cum Newhaven, we it hay-cock cherch, az ainshant ta look at, az t'Daans at ah been speikin on, but whether t'livin wor az poor az it lookt, ah left that for t'parson, at preicht in it, ta be t'judge. Well, here we stopt, (and reight we sud, for if wid goan a bit farther we sud a popt into t'sea), an goin into a hoffis, ah gat me pass, which gav ma four days' grace upa t'road, an for which ah paid five shillin. Thowt ah to mesen, when ide gottan poseshan a this dear bit a paper, well, ime bookt nah for crossin t'big dyke, an derecktlly all me thowts, hey, ivvery wun on em, ran az if thay wor on a tellegraf wire ta Pogmoor, wunderin whether ivver ah sud see it an me owd friends agean or noa, an before gettin onta t'steam packet, ah wor e twenty minds whether ta tay a bit a me native land we ma or noa, ta look at nah an then upa t'road, but thinkin at foaks ad be laffin at ma, if thay saw ma, ah gav t'idea up, an away ah went upa t'packit, we a pockit-pistil loadand we cognac, az bold az Hecktar; an in a while, off we went like az menny ducks, an ah hoapt at we muddant hev ta quake like wun before we gat ta t'benk at tuther side; haivver, all went on nice an swimmingly wal owd England's cliffs an hills began ta grow less an less, dimmer an dimmer, an aght at seet. Then t'sea began ta kick up a rackit, hey, az if all t'fish in it hed goan mad, an wor thrawin wattar at wun anuther we ther tails, an at uz an all, for ah wor az wet az a sop; an so wor a poor Frenchman, for ah

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S VISSIT TA PARIS,

believ at he'd az much az four or five buckits full, wapt on to him at wunce; an if it heddant a been at ah wor foarst ta laff at him at times, ta see hah sharp he lookt ivvery time a wave cum agean t'ship, ah caant tell hah ah sud a been; but ah diddant like it abit, for ah rowld abaght throo wun side at ship ta t'tuther like a skittle ball, wal ah wor affread a knockin a hoyle throo t'side. Ah sed ta t'captin, just when ide hed a good sawser agean t'pad-dle box an knockt me hat craan in, "Ah wish yod stop t'wheels at's at side a t'ship, for thay mack a sad ta do, an put a skrew in astead!" an just az he wor a tellin ma at t'awner at ship wor a skrew, up went t'ship, an away ah flew neck an crop into t'hold, all ameng t'luggidge; not bein hurt, thowt ah ta mesen, here ile stop, an so ah did, an a good spot ah fun it—much better an safer then bein up aloft, ah naw, for thay wor like az if thay wor all clearin ther stumacks a English stuff ta mack room for t'French; an thay warrant varry partickalar a poppin it into a boddiz neck-hoyle, if thay diddant happan ta look sharp abaght em, an that warrant varry pleazent, mind yo, for a chap at hed gottan hiz side-boards up an plaited shert on. At last, haivver, after a sail a six-an-a-hauf haars, we landad at

DIEPPE, hevin startad throo Newhaven at hauf-past twelve o'clock at nooin, an gotten here, upa t'French shore, at hauf-past seven o'clock. Hevin larnt at t'train diddant start before a quarter ta ten for Paris, ah tade a stroll raand t'taan (which warrant a varry big an), just ta see wot it wor like; but furst ov all, ide a job ta get on, for men an lads gettin at frunt on me ta gie ma cairds, an callin aght e English, "A capital coffee-hause there, sur;" "A good hotel yonder, sur." At last ah gat shut on em be tellin em at ah wor a gipsy, an liv'd aght a doors; if ah heddant, thade a made a caird rack on ma, thay broddad ma so. After this ah wor quiat, an waukt furst raand t'harbour, which formd a regular square, an hed abaght a hundard vessels in it, which ah understood wor ized it coil trade. Throo here, ah went into a cherch, where thay wor at prayers, but wot wor sed ad cap a parson ta tell—ah naw this, it capt me;—haivver, ide a good look at t'cherch, which wor a big an, wha, ta my thinkin ah niver saw sich a long an heigh nave e all me life az it hed, it wor more like a crevis in a rock then owt else. E leavin here ah wor much pleazd at gettin to a big statue, it middle ov a hoptan square, like a market-plaice, for it wor like wun at ide seen e t'Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, it wor Admiral Duquesne: wha, ah wor reight delightad, do yo naw, an if he'd been alive ah believe ah sud a spokan to him, for he wor a fine fella, an hiz likeness wor a credit ta t'skulpter. Feelin peckish, ah thowt ah sud like a bit a summat ta keep t'damp off a wun's stumack, an two English gents cummin up (wha, thay wor them at ide cum throo Lunnan we), we all made to a restaurant, just anent t'statue at ah been speikin on, e t'Place d'Armes, Temper Beau-mais, Grand Rue 56, an a nicer, cleaner, or more civil plaice ah niver popt me noaze in; here ah hed a beef-stake, fried sliced

TA SEE T'GREAT FRENCH EXHEBISHAN.

potatoes, a bottle a beer, an uther little matters, all e furst-rate style, wha, ah thowt at it wor hommast a pitty ta tutch t'stake it wor sa nicely ornamentad upa t'dish, an if ah heddant a been wot ah call reight daan hungry, ah believe ah suddant a dun, for t'look on it wor wurth 1s. 7^{d.}, wot thay chairgd; hey, an ah wor bowd an sraipt aght a t'hause it bargain. Nah this satisfied me at t'French foaks warrant goin ta be sich fleecers az ide been gien to understand thay wor.

Time hevin cum, or nearly so, for travlin, ah made streight away for t'stashan hause, an a handsum beeldin it wor, abaght ten minnits' wauk throo where ah dined, an here ah popt into a seckand class carridge, stufft all raand t'height a me shoolders, an nice soft cushins ta sit on; cum, thinks ah, az sooin az ah gat nicely squat daan, this iz a bit ov a pattern for sum a ar Yorksher railway foaks, it iz that! for ime sure t'seats e thare seckand class carridges are az hard az sittin on a stone table, an az coud ivvery bit. Another thing, if yo want ta larn ta write Chinese hieraglificks, just write a note in a Yorksher railway carridge, an there yo hev em az perfeckt az if yod been eddycated be t'best skooilmaister e China: beside, thare az true to ther time at ivvery spot at thay stop at az t'hammer a Sant Paul's clock iz a strikein t'haar. But ta chainge t'scene, ah mun tell yo at t'view a t'country az we went wor splendashas, wal dark cum on, an then ov course ah diddant reckan ta look aght, exceptin when we gat ta Rouen, an there ah gat aght an went inta t'stashan hause an sat ma daan, for here it wor sed we'd ta wait hauf-an-haar wal another train cum up, an it wor coud, let ma tell yo, for all it wor t'munth a June; an coud it wor like ta be, for we wor in a room az big az a cherch, we a fire-grate abaght t'size ov a curry-coamb, but no fire mind yo, though Yorksher-like ah gat az cloise to it az ah cud; but, mind yo, though we wor starvd e t'fingers, thear wor noa cashan ta be starvd in another way, for thear wor capital refreshment in another room, an wot pleazd me wor, at wun pairt wor set aght we English fare an t'tuther French; nah this warmed a boddy up a bit, espeshally, when ide taisted a wun or two things; an then off to wer owd seats we went agean, (ah mean t'same foaks at ah wor we before), an at t'saand a t'whissal, which wor for all t'wurld like a slit bagpipe, off we went throo lines a trees, vinyards, an valleys, rich we corn an grass; an here an there ah cud disarn, though it wor dark, foaks lookin aght a ther chaimber-windaz, az if thay knew at a boddy wor e t'train, an wantad ta nod at ma be way a complement. At abaght five o'clock e t'mornin ah gat ta

PARIS, hauf asleep an hauf wackan, for ah warrant use ta bein up all t'neet; an after goin into a room for me luggidge, which t'custom-hause hofficers ardy lookt at, seein at ah wor a deacent lookin chap, away ah made we me poartmantle for me lodgins, e Rue du Duras, Faubourg Sant Honoré, a private lodgins, mind yo, which ah fun ta be varrv snug, an e wun at moast fashionuble pairts at city, an az luck wod hev it (wha, ah knew before ah

went) madame wor an Englishwomman, an at wunce axt ma e plain English wot ah wisht ta hev ta me breikfast, tea or coffee? "tea," sed ah, though ah knew at it warrant varry common lap e France. Haivver, t'kettle wor up at fire in a jiffy; wha kettle ah cuddant call it, for it wor a cross between wun an a oil lamp, but no matter for that, it knew hah ta boil wattar, an madame knew hah ta mack a good cup a tea, an that wor enif for me. But stop, ah mun tell yo at ah really thowt ah sud a skoldad mesen, an nowt else, when madame cum inta t'room we t'loaf, for it wor a yard long, if it wor an inch, an az like a mengle-rowler az ivver ah saw owt, an there shoo put wun end onta t'floor, an began a cuttin bread an butter like a good un. Well, it tickald my fancy so, did this, at ah nivver knew ta this minnit hah menny cups a tea ah drunk, but it must a been e t'teens, for me waistcoit heddant a wrinkle in it when ah gat up, an t'button-hoyles grin'd ta that degree, at ah thowt thade a nipt t'shenks a t'buttons off. Well, hevin hed a good breikfast, an a good hearty laff beside, ah toddald off az smart az yo please, ta hev a peep at

T'GREAT EXHEBISHAN.



ELL an for sure! ah must a been a great cureosaty, for foaks thay kept starin at ma az thay passt, an turnin raand, an starin agean; it wor reight daantiresum ta see em! an if it hed a been at thade understood wot ah sed, ide a tell'd sum on em wot ah thowt abaght em; ha-

ivver, in a while ah began ta care nowt abaght it, for if ah did, ah fun it aght at ah mud do nowt else, an get mesen into a hobble e t'bargan, varry likely. So away ah went, an gettin ta t'Exhebishan beeldin, which thay call Palais de l' Industrie, an which iz e t'Champs Elysees, ah fun it ta be belt a stone, an in appearance summat like a deacent caanty hospital. Made em beeld it a stone, wor becos thay ment it ta stand for ivver (if a revolution or an earthquake diddant happan ta knock it daan),

an be numberd ameng t'publick beeldins a Paris. This bein t'caise, thowt ah, its a pratty tidy spot then, an hez cost a toathre a francs ta finish it; still, seein, az ah hed, Paxton's Glass Lantern, e Hyde Park, an t'Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, ah wor e noa way lecktrefied at seet a this, an waukin away throo t'great north entrance a t'Palais ov Industrie, where sum fine owd trees, planted it year 1770, wor cut daan ta gie a better view on it, ah cum e t'frunt a sum great heavy iron gates, an here ah fun a grand flaar shew, we noa less then a hundard an fifty different soarts a roses grown an nurst be François Fontaine a Chatillon; an yo mun understand, at roses ar so much thowt on e France, that thaazands a foaks gets ther livin be em. Paris itsen, spends ten thaasand paands a year e nowt but roses. This piece ov industry, which iz t'pride a Fontanay aux Roses, iz mainly due ta t'Empress Josephine, who made Malmaison a jiant rose bed, shewin all at cud be gettan throo Belgium an Holland. My wurd, but this wor a charmin spot for t'ees an noaze; it struck me at if a rose throo t'naborhood a Lunnan wor ta be browt, an just stuck ameng theaze it ad hev a different complexshan it wod throo them; for thare az breet az breet can be, wal t'poor Lunnan rose ad look az dingy az if it hed a been dridgd we sooit. Well, hevin gratefied mesen we this seet, which a menny a my flaar luvn friends e owd England ad hev ta be dregd away throo, ah went ta see wot soart ov a seet thear wor e t'Exhebishan, for which ah paid five francs, that's four an tuppance yo naw, e ar brass; an ah diddant find folt at that, becos, ah knew varry weel at t'plaice wor noan sich an a big an, an if it hed a been at a much lower rate ah suddant a been able to a seen owt, t'plaice ad a been sa craadad; az it wor, thear warrant aboon two hundard foaks in. We that ide a nice cumfatubble peep at ivvery thing thare wor e t'shop (ah mean e t'Palace—deary me! ime forgettin mesen; ah moant speik sa disrespectkfully az that.) My furst march after ide gottan nicely in wor ta bye a catalogue, but there bein noan but what wor printad e French, thay wor no more use ta me, thay warrant, then a sarmon e Greek, though ah wor telld at thead be sum printad e English in a week or two, but that bein rather too long ta wait, ah satisfied mesen ta go wethaght, an so waukt streight away ta

T'GRAND TRANSEPT, an gettin ta t'bottom end there, an standin ta look abaght ma abit, a clock wor good enuff ta tell ma at ide cum in at a quarter-past eleven. Well, furst ov all, ah mun tell yo at this pairt a t'beeldin hed a bit ov a look a t'transept a ar Glass Lantern, but it wor nobbat a bit, for it wor nawther sa long nor sa heigh, an t'colour it wor painted lookt coud an dingy, bein two shades a mucky white. Ah wor rather dissappointed e this, for ide gein t'French credit for bein taisty soart a foaks; but thare aght e this accordin ta my taste. Its true, it wor cheard up a bit we flegs a different nashans bein hung up all ont archt-roof. E turnin ta t'left throo where ah stood, wor a great picktar painted upa t'glass winda at t'end a t'roof, an same like at tuther

end;—they wor call'd allegorical figures. Hey, but ah call'd em summat else, an that wor, regelar daubs. E bringin me ees ta what wor below, ah wor pleazd ta find t'shawl a t'Empress Eugenie, an t'laice dress a t'Empress a Austria,—they wor grand beyond owt, an noabdy but royalty cud wear sich like. E goin ta t'reight a t'transept, ah cum to a warrior dresst in a iron suit a cloaze, a horseback; an ah sud a wantad a horse an all ta a ridden on, ah naw, if ide hed a suit az heavy az it lookt. An hah thay wor made ah wor capt, wal a thowt struck ma at thay must be sewd we wire threed, an a blacksmith hed been t'tailor; hiz hat wor summat like a lantern wethaght glass, an pulld reight over hiz faice; hah he cud see awther enemies or friends throo it ah cuddant tell, so ah left him, an gat ta where there wor a lot a musical instraments piled on a heap, az if a band a mussishans hed been scaard at summat or anuther, an hed thrawn em daan an run away an left em. But it warrant so, for ah discoverd at thay belong'd ta different French musical instrument mackers. There wor tinklin saucepan lids, trumpets teed a knots; fifes we keys on, ta lock t'players ther jaws, if thay wantad; French horns, twistad like bell springs; fiddles, we "Jack's alive," an "Thro' the wood, laddie," in em; baises, at ad grawl if a stick wor drawn across em; big drums cut into slices ta mack tamboreens on; tinklin sturrap-irons; an a menny uther things at noabdy but a band major cud tell wot thay wor. Beside a theaze, wor a tidy little organ, reddy ta pipe aght if onny body tuteht it. Cloise ta this wor a great glass lantern for a leet-hause at sea side, big enif ta leet up t'Bay a Biscay, or t'North sea, so az t'whales an sherks cud see wun anuther, an not jowl ther heads together e t'neet time. Thiz iz made be Saanter & Co., a Paris, an shews at thare enleetand chaps. An beside a it, wor anuther az big, be Chonce an Co., a Burmingham; an if yov t'chonce, onny on yo, a goin ta Paris, besure an hev a look at em boath. Next ta t'lanterns wor sum polisht fire gates, an marrable chimney peices belongin ta Mester H. Hoyle, a Green Lane Warks, Sheffield, an az breet thay wor, at ah really thowt at furst glance, at thade fires in em. E turnin ma raand throo theaze ah saw t'Eagle Slayer, thro' Colbrook Dale, shooitin up e t'air we a harra; an a hard job, thowt ah, it must be, for he'd tain all hiz cloaze off to it, an whether he shot t'eagle or no, ah doant naw, for he wor sa long tayin hiz aim ah wor tiard e waitin;—still for all ah sud a liket to a seen it drop, ta see wot soart ov a customer it wor. Though if it hed a been a pheasant or a pairtridge at he'd been shooitin at, thead a been more sense in it; but ah reckon wot he wor shooitin t'eagle for, wor becos it hed killd hiz lamb, at laid be hiz feet. After t'shooitin scenen, ah hed a long peep at a cureas wooden chersch, calld Sant Hippolyte; an then a longer peep still at a grand carvd book-caise, be Holland an Sons, a Lunnan. Yis a longer peep; but mind yo, not at ah liket t'book-caise better then t'cherch—morrally speikin,—noa, doant yo run away we that fancy, though ime fond on a book-caise, ah am, when it hezzant

Tom Paine in it, or rubbish a that soart. T'next move at ah made, browt ma to a lot a stronomecal instraments, throot obzarvatory at Grinage, shewin t'transit cirele. Nah if onny boddy ad a hed to a horsewhipt me away throo here thade a worn ther lash off, an then not dun it, for it put me e t'mind a me awn obzarvatory, it did. Still if ide a sent sum a my things thade a aght shane Grinage, be t'difference a t'leet a t'sun an that ov a rushleet. For instance, thed a been a plan a t'course a time, we foaks runnin ther race on. A Zodehack, at wor nivver nawn ta kick or mack a folse step, nobbat when it hed a folse prophet on it back. T'dog-star, swimmin across t'milky way ta hev a snatch at northern leets. Venus, stuffin a cushin we t'dawn a day. Jupiter, puttin on his watter-tights ta goa aght we t'shootin stars. A saw, at cut a sunbeam e two at one stroke, wethaght dust. A likeness a t'man at blew aght t'leet a uther days. Ameng uther wunderfull things, wun shewin hah menmy angles there wor in a flash e fork leetnin, an t'egshackt length ov a thunnar bolt.

Leavin this here, an goin across t'plaiice, wor a grand boat, lancht up a two trussals, be Scarlet an Sons, a Lunnan, an sich an a shine it hed, at a thowt at furst seet at it wor a butter boat, or else it hed been rowd throo a poand a French polish. Cloise ta this stood up, az heigh az a cherch-steeple, nearly, a pile a ships' henkers, an boats; an divers e iron dresses, wot thay sink ta t'bottam a t'sea in—a journey ah suddant like ta tay, ah naw, for ah sud be affread a t'watter cumin throo t'button-hoyles an stitches, or sum where else, an draandin ma. Theaze ar sent be Siebe, a Lunnan. Then eaze a statue a Golla, a Paris, dun be Auze Barra. An he stood like a statue, for ah jowld my cannister rairly agean him; but ah diddant say owt at wor rang, for thear wor a fine olter peice beside on ma, at remindad ma a summat different, though it wor wun at ah diddant egshacktly like, for it wor ta fine be hauf,—t'fackt wor, it wor a olter at wantad olterin, accordin ta my taste. Beside a thiz emblem a quiet an peace, wor two eagles feightin ovver a allegaiter, or summat a that soart; thay wor weel dun, but t'subjeckt made me cringe.

Let ma tell yo here, ta besure an not ta forget ta look at a dark oak caige, az big az a summer-hause nearly, an full a burds ov all soarts, be Tahan, a Paris;—ah mean t'caige, not burds. An mind anuther thing, eaze a varry nice pulpit; hey, an it struck ma, az ah lookt at it, at if thay cud get a nice parson ta preich in it, it ad be a good job, awther e cherch or chappil. After hevin a bit ov a skuffle between me ees an me feet, for wun wantad ta goa wun way, an't tuther wantad ta be off anuther, ah fun mesen e t'frunt a Timothy Smith's stall, a Burmingham, fill'd we gold an glass lamps, glitterin like a shawer a glow worms, an tables, chairs, an screens inlaid we muther-a-purl, which noa daght ad be t'purl a great price. An then cum R. Dalglish, Falconer, an Co.'s stall, a Glasgow, an there wor no stallin abaght it, for ah cud a stopt wal nah to a lookt at it; an if ide a been a womman, ah believe at thade a hed to a gottan a

gendarme, we hiz cockt-hat, to a tain ma away be main foarse, for there wor sum a t'prattiest ladiz' muzlin-dresses at ivver ah saw e me life. It did owd Scotland credit, did this. Not far off a this, a chap call'd Copeland, hed a stall like a four-post bedstead, filld we jars, urns, an likenesses a wimmin an bairns. It lookt ta me, did this, az if t'sarvant lass wor cleanin t'hause daan, an shoold puttan all theaze things upa t'bed aght a t'gate, wal shoold dun. Nah John Rose an Co., a Shropsher, an A. B. Daniell, a Lunnan, beat him hollow for taste an display. But, mind yo, ah wor solid; for when ah turned me raand, ah wor cloise agean a great white marrable toombstone, which for owt ah knew mud ha sumady in it, an away ah crept az softly az ah cud, ta where there wor a great telleskope; but it wor pearkt sich an a height up at it ad a tain a chap we a neck az long az a giraffe to a lookt into it. Ah felt rather dissapointed at this, becos ah wanted ta see if thade t'same mooin here at thay hed at Pogmoor; but it wor a noa use, an ah went away, a bit it dumps, callin all t'foaks at belong'd ta t'plaice, e me awn mind, an pleaz'd mesen up agean be lookin at a grand fire plaice, we a clock in it, an two little naikt lads a awther side, houdin a cannalstick e ther hand ta shew a leet onta t'faice. Whether it ivver struck or noa, ah doant naw, exceptin at it struck me, at it ad be rare an usefull when there wor a egg ta boil, or ta tell when t'maister an missis cum daan t'stairs to ther breikfast in a mornin, an wot time thay went ta bed at neet. This wor made be Hubber, a Paris. A wun side a this wor a great lookin-glass, an a honest an it wor, for it shewd foaks just az thay wor; that iz, az far az t'aghtside went;—t'inside requires a reflecktart ov anuther soart. Away throo this wor a grand military trophy sent throo England, we cannons peepin aght we ther dark grim muzzles; soards we grand hannals, at ad mack a grand hannal a onny body if thade a chonce; spears, at ad be noa joake in a blunt fella's hand. Theaze, yol understand, wor all put into different forms an figures, an astead a scaarin a boddy, an mackin yo think yo wor at Sabas-tapol, thay lookd reight pleazin, an sud be seen be ivvery boddy, for it sartanly wor, accordin ta my idea, wun at niceist seets e t'Exhebishan. But ah dar say at a peace-sasiaty chap ad rather see a iron-cannalstick, then a cannon; a cloaze-prop, then a gun; an a carvin-knife, then a soard; a apple-dumplin, then a cannon-ball; new potatiz, then bullits; t'munth a March, then marchin e line we a red jackit on; an a square a Yorksher-puddin, then a military square. Well, let it be so: for ah reckon it woddant do for ivvery boddy ta do an think alike. Nah thiz iz varry liberal a me, ah think, if ah may be alaad ta blaw me awn trumpet: yo can think az yo like.

Well, next shuffle at ah made wor up ta a chap at wor goin ta shooit a harra daan a snake's throat; an ah thowt ta mesen, az t'snake wor twistad abaght e all shaps, at if he shot t'harra reight streight throo it, an aght at tip end ov it tail, it ad be a varry clever trick. Then thear wor a chap throng choppin wood,

but he'd a varry dull hatchit, for he nivver made a chip wal ah stopt; an he'd na cashan, for there wor choppin a chips enif abaght t'plaice, for thay wor pullin t'floor up e all dereckshans ta mend it, for it wor up an daan like t'waves at sea, an ad a suitad onny boddy grandly, ad hed a long leg an a shortan. But wot made up for this bit ov annoyance, wor five shandaleer cannalsticks. Wha thay stood upa t'floor, an brancht aght like gold an silver trees! Nah theaze really did deserve a bit a wax cannal stickin in em. An then lookin abaght e t'middle a t'transept, ah spied a gold-lookin oltar table, be L. Brachelet, a Paris, we a cannalstick on it made a t'same soart a stuff. At bottom ov a poolpit stood a carriage made be Jones Brothers, a Brussels, polisht like plate-glass, so much so, at ivvery boddiz arms at lookt at it wor seen upa t'pannils. Wah this wor just the soart a carriage at ah sud like, an when my ship lands throo Australia or Calefornia, Jones may look aght for an order; an wal that happans, ah mean ta be satisfied we bein az ah am,—t'awner ov a carriage we wun wheel. T'next thing at tade me attenshan, wor a alabaster toilet table; fit for noabdy but a laidy at hed-dant ta soil hur fingers we black-leadin t'fire grate, or cleanin hur awn shoes. An cloise beside a it wor a great dish, just the thing, thowt ah, for a oal family a Holmfurther's ta get ther porridge aght on; hey, an if thay diddant caant aboon a duzzan thade hev plenty a elbow room too,—rather more then theare iz at a club-feast at times, for ive seen em there sa cloise at thave been foarst all ta lift ther arms up together throo wun end at table ta tuther; an offance enif, a chap at's been in a hurry hez gottan hiz fork up, we a peice a puddin or meit on, just az it mud happan, up az heigh az hiz forehead, an heze hed to pull it daan hiz faice, an snatch at it when it gat opposit hiz maath. Yo may laff, if yo like, but it's true.

But ah mun tell yo at t'next astonishin seet at ah saw, wor a glass case throo Lyons,—not Wombwell's lions, but t'taan a Lyons,—deckt aght we all soarts a silk shawls, sattans, an drapery goods: ah nivver saw nowt sa temptin e me life! Wot bit a brass ah hed e me pockit it fairly tinkald agean, az if it wantad ma ta bye summat. Wha if ah hed, an a browt wun at shawls ta Pogmoor, thead a been all t'butterflees e t'country leetin on it when it wor aght a doors, an t'house full throo morn ta neet we foaks cumin ta look at it, an tutchin it! Hey, ninety-nine aght a ivvery hundard ad want ta tutch it, an naw t'price on it an all. A naval trophy wor t'next consarn at ah cum too. This wor sent be t'English, an seem'd ta say, it did, az a boddy lookt at it, "Britannia rules the waves!"—an reight an all. An, to speik t'truth, it put a bit a sowgerin sperrit inta ma, an made ma feel az if ah sud like ta hev a tutch a t'soard exercise,—ah did begin a quaverin me stick abaght an cuttin six, wal a chap we a cockt-hat popt on ma all at wunce, an tell'd ma ta gie over,—at least ah understood him so, for ah dropt it an waukt off. But ah think ah see yo all smilin at me tawkin abaght sowgerin; but

yov na cashan : for, let ma tell yo, ah wor fifteen year a full private e t'City a Pogmoor Royal Cabbage Cutters, an a finer boddy a men there warrant ta be fun in a day's march, though ah say it. Its true at wun hauf at rear renk hed humpbacks, an a few e t'frunt squintad ; but no matter for that, we diddant squint e wir currage : no, we wor streight forrads e that ! Wha t'fact wor, at Boanypairt gat ta hear on uz, an wor scaard at uz. That wor t'reazon at he diddant try ta cum ta England we hiz army ! Nah this iz nawn, its ta be hoapt at when yor tawkin abaght sowgers, at yol not forget t'City a Pogmoor Royal Cabbage Cutters ! In a short wauk away throo this trophy, ah cum to a tidy little farm-hause, where, if ide been a Lenkeshier chap, ah sud happan a been lookin aght for sum churnd milk. Az it wor, ah did think at a baisin a new woddant a been amis, for ah wor az dry az a lime burner's clog. At aghtside a this farm there wor ploos, harras, corn an threshin macheens ; an a nice seet it wor, tayin it altogether, an wod a been more so to an owd Yorksher farmer ; an likely enif he'd a tain hound a t'ploo-stilts an squintad daan it, an rub'd a ear a corn aght an made hiz remarks abaght t'quallity, an hah much it wor wurth a load. Delightad we this seet, ah travild on till ah cum to a stone statue a Sant Peter, we a pair a keys in hiz hand big enif for a prison or cherch door. Peter ov owd, thowt ah, az ah lookt at him e t'faice, hed hiz folts, but t'likeness on him wor wethaght,—at least yor cuddant find wun, an ah lookt at him all over. At back on him wor sum pillars an flaar stands, be Charles Distich, a Berlin ; it wor call'd a pyramid a flaars. Ime sure my noaze wor all upa t'move, like a rabbit's, ta hev a snuff at em, thay lookt sa natteral ; an ta keep it quiat ah set off, houdin it we me henkecher, ta where there wor a lot a models a brigs an roofs ov hauses : a rich treat for beelders an sich like ta look at. Yit az for t'slatin, ah diddant egshacktly fancy em, for my taste wor, when ah beeld a hause, ta hev a glass roof like a fish gloab, so haz t'cats cuddant run on it an mack ther wawin noize.

Nah here ah mun tell yo—that iz, a few yards throo where ah wor stanin last—wor summat wurth seein, that wor, a raw a stalls nicely hung we crimson drapery, an fill'd we Cheany ornaments an shandeleers. Theaze wor sent be different foaks aght a Prussia. Then below em wor similar things, an quite az grand, e my eye. Agean theaz wor anuther glass caise, throo Austria, filld we fine cloath manefacktered be François Biolley, an Fell, a Ververs. Theaze gat prize medals at Brussels an Lunan,—so it sed upa t'cloath, an it wor true for owt ah knew. Goin a bit farther, ah wor surprizd e cumin to a glass hause fill'd we Roman Catholic bishops, drest az fine az gold an silk cud mack em ; an lookin az cumfatubble an az jolly, thay wor, az if thay'd just rizen throo a champaine dinner. Tawk a ar Queen's beefheaters ! wha thare nowt-a-clock, not thay, marry, where theaze cum. Behind theaze worthies wor writtan, “ Dieu seul est grand : à lui tout honneur.” It wor rather hardish soart a readin, wor-

rant it? It wor that; an for fear at sum a yo Pudsan an Daw-green foaks sud be studdyin wal yer toppins goaze grey ta mack it aght, ah mun tell yo at it means, "*God alone iz great: to Him all honour.*"

Wurtemberg, e this pairt a t'Exhebishan, hed a good shew a cutlery an gimcracks; an France no small lot a checks, plads, an muslin-de-laines. Hey, an thay tade more a my attenshan then ide ment em: but what cud a boddy do we sich like seets? wha nowt, but hevin a fair look at em wal wun's attenshan wor satisfied—that's wot ah say. E t'next plaice, ah mun tell yo at reight at top end, under t'gallery, wor a grand haister-lookin thing like wot's put before t'fire when a piece a beef iz rostin (a cureosaty e France), or ta keep t'bairns throo tumalin inta t'as-nook. Beyond this wor

T'COURT A WARLIKE INSTRUMENTS,—onny a which wor sharp enif ta quiatan me, or all t'foaks at there wor e t'place, e varry little time. Theaze wor put e all soarts a forms, an lookt grand; but ah thowt at ar Saviour crucified suddant a been ameng theaze things, for ah sud say at He'd quite enif a t'spears a t'Roman sowgers. After ide hed a good look here, ah doant naw wot t'foaks at wor abaght ad think, but ah began a caperin az if there wor a fiddle goin, an wot do yo think it wor abaght? Wha, ah spied, written up e plain English,

LEEDS WOOLLEN DEPARTMENT!—heddant ah summat ta do ta keep me legs quiat! ah hed that;—an (if yo weant tell noabdy) ah just tade a little drop a eau de vie, ta drink good health an prosperaty to it, ah did, an it seem'd ta breetan wun's ee-seet a bit. T'furst things at ah saw wor sum blenkits belongin ta Hague, Cock, an Wormald, a *Dewsbre*; an Stowe Brothers an Co., a *Leeds*. Ah just put me cheek ontu wun on em, an ah really thowt ah sud a goan ta sleep that minnit, it wor sa nice an dawny. Hey, thay tawk abaght seekin a needle in a bottle a hay, but thay mud seek a good while, mind yo, before thay cud find a flea in blenkits like theaze! Beside, there wor borders to em at ad mack grand sashes or garters, when thay wor reckand ta be dun we. An then there wor

Gott, noated—hey, an dubble noated—for hiz good woollen cloath. Wha them at wor lucky enif ta hev a coit made a hiz dubble mill'd, thay woddant be aght at elbows varry soin. Then

HARGREAVES AN NUSSEY shewd sum furst-rate blue, braan, an uther coloured cloath; but t'spot thay wor put in warrant furst-rate, no, not be a good deal, for it wor reight dusky; an them at put em there desary'd ta hev a pickin-peg laid across ther shoolders.

WILLIAM SMITH AN Co. hed a good shew a cashmere, Witney, Witney bevor, black Melton cloaths, an mohair,—hey, at no air at ivver blew cud blaw throo; wha, it struck me at it ad keep an owd batchillor az warm az a toist. Then t'next ta theaze wor

LUPTON AN SONS, we ther fine wool black, blue, braan, an black union cloaths; an fine thay wor, yo mind! for ah put me

hand on ta sum on em, an thay wor just like stroakin a mowlde-warp's back—wha sattan cuddan a been smoother ! an ah thowt at it must a been made in a mistack, a wool off a silk-worms astead a sheep : laff, if yo like, but it wor so ! Then cum

JAMES WALKER AN CO., we ther curtan cloath ov all sorts a colours ; an cloath for billiard tables, so smooth at ime sure at t'balls ad rowl abaght az if thay wor upa plate glass, an be inta t'pockit before thade t'cue gien em. Then there wor

EDWARD IRWIN, we hiz woaded black cloath ; an

STOWE BROTHERS AN CO., we ther "blue union ;" an az "union iz strength," ive a reight ta suppoaze at this wor strong cloath ;—an it wor too, for ah felt at it, an ah reckan ta be a bit ov a judge, ah do, when ah hev felt : wha, there wor noan a yer shoddy in it !—Then there wor

HUDSON AN BOUSFIELD, we ther blacks, blues, mohair, an Crimean drab cloath. This last sample raither puzzald ma :—drab Crimean cloath ! thowt ah ta mesen,—wot can that mean, or be for ? Thay arrant goin ta raize a regiment a quakers, surely ! for that al nivver do ; for we doant want onny *quakers* e t'Crimea, nor noa where else, ah naw. Nah if it hed a been red cloath ah suddant a wunder'd—for that's the colour for owd England !—Then cum

PAWSON AN MARTIN'S superfine cloath, we sich fancy names az olive, pines, an dahlias. Yis, but for all that it's not fancy, mind yo, when ah tell yo at thay wor az rich e quallaty az e ther names. An

D. AN J. COOPER'S shew warrant ta be passt by wethaght a wurd or two a praise an admerashan ; an there wor

GILL, BISHOP, AN HEWITT.—Thay made a famous shew we ther Waterloo tweed an waterproof mixters. Hey, an ah wisht at ide hed a coit or a tippit made a t'waterproof stuff, for t'rain cum throo t'roof az bad az bein under a tree in a thunar shawer. Ah thowt this a peice a bad management, ah did ! but thay hev-ant a bit a glass e all France, at least ah nivver saw noan, at wor wurth puttin into a factory winda ; for its nasty green looking stuff, an waiv'd all ovver, az if thay fried it same az we do pancakes, when thay made it. Ime sure ah wor quite amus'd ta see this same soart a glass e ther fine shop-windas. Ah doant naw whether thay call'd it plate or noa ; if thay do, its not much better then pot plate, that's wot ah say. Nah beside a theaze Leeds cloath manufacturin chaps, wor a long glass-caise, full throo end ta end a Orleans cloath an plads ; an, wethaght predjadis, ah mean ta say at it wor a furst-rate shew a goods ; an them at sees em, an sez thay arant, wha thay doant think az ah do. But stop ! ah hevant dun tawkin abaght Leeds yit, not so, for ah fun a oal lot a saddles an uther horse trappins, belongin ta Mestur Clark ; hey, ah did, an nice an eazy thay lookt, did t'saddles. Wha ah thowt at a tailor mud sit cross-leg'd a wun, an jump ovr boath hiz sleeve-board an gooise, wethaght tumalin off. It made me think a my long-ear'd neg, at ah went a huntin on

last year, an tumald off nobbat fifteen times, owin ta t'saddle cumin ta pieces. T'furst went t'crupper, then a stirrap-iron, then two saddle laps, then t'bellyband, at last ov all ivvery bit a lether there wor abaght it! an there ah wor, gallapin away we nowt but bare pummil left! But theaze a Clark's, ta my fancy, ad last a generashan, an a minnit or two longer. There, nah, then let ma tell ya at ah fun

MESTER HEAPS's baise,—hey, t'same identical owd boy at he hed e Paxton's Glass Lantern e 1851. Ah wor reight pleazd, do yo naw, az sooin az ah spied it; an daan ah sat, for owd acquaintance sake, az cloise az ivver ah cud get. But if thead been a *wolf* in it, ah suddant,—yol remember wot that means, will sum a yo musick chaps; but not another wurd abaght it, exceptin at it lookt a reight tidy instrument, an noa daght ad scaar a bull rairly, if it hed a stick serscript across it wunce or twice, raither sharpish. E leavin me owd musickal friend, ah gat to

TITAS SOLT's plaice, a *Bradford*; an there fun cloath made a alpaca, goat hair, sheep wool. Hey, a chap we a soard be hiz side, wor goin ta be e my wool, he wor that, becos ah just happand ta stroak sum on it! Wha yo naw ah suddant a been a Yorksherman, if ah heddant. But ah dar say at ah lookt as grim az he did, for all he'd a mustash on hiz top lip, az big az a fox tail nearly; an away ah went, an hed a cumfatubble peep at

SAMUEL SMITH's merinas an bed an winda hings. An a cumfatubble peep it wor, an pleazin too, for ide seen nowt up ta this time e all t'plaice at ah liket sa weel az t'bed hings—thade a kept me wackan menny a haar when a sud a been asleep, if ide happan to a hed onny, but ah suddant care for that, so long az there wor nowt like curtan leckterin abaght em. Yo naw wot that means, varry likely, do sum on yo! Nah next ta theaze wor

JACOB BEHRENS' shop ov merinas an stuffs; but its not stuff when ah tell yo at their reight daan bonny things. Wha a yung womman at hed a gaan made a sum on em, shood get a sweet-heart e noa time hommast. Wha them at caant get onnyboddy ta speik to em, or ardlly look t'way at thare on, can just try t'experriment if thay like. T'next plaice at ah cum to wor

J. CROSSLEY AN SONS, a *Hallifax*; we ther carpets an rugs, at cuvard two great peices a wall noabdy naws hah big. Az sooin az ah saw em, thay put me e t'mind a t'garden a roses at ide seen aghtside, thay wor sa natteral e shap an colour: ime sure if thade a been laid upa t'graand, ah sud a thowt it a pitty an a varry great shame to a waukt on em! Az to ther rugs, thay wor more like oil paintins then wovan we wursit. Ah lookt for ther lion an leopard, but ah cuddant see em onnywhere. There wor t'steg an bagpipes, an a peacock there, az nattural az life (exceptin t'bagpipes, an thear arrant menny a them livin; no, thay thraw life inta uther foaks, when thare squeaz'd abit!) Nah there wor a Lapworth, a Lunnan, hed sum carpitin next ta Crossley's; but for all heze weyver ta t'Queen an Royal Family, heze nowt ta

cumpare to them, an he may look cross if he likes, at me sayin so—ah mean Lapworth may.

JAMES ACKROYD AN SON'S shew wor t'next at tade me atten-shan ; that iz, ther damask—all wool, silk an wool, an cotton an wool. It wor a deal a wool, ah thowt ; but no matter for that—it wor uzed in a scientifick way at ah liket. An ther dress goods, mind yo, thay wor dressy, an no mistack !

F. MC. CREO'S plaice warrant all fittad up ; but ah saw enif at satisfied ma at he warrant goin ta be far behind t'best on em e bed furneter an twiltin ; an them at sez he weant al deserve a good *twiltin*, ah say. After peepin abaght, an readin wun guide-poast an anuther, ah fun

Huthersfield—an not sa much ta be seen nawther, when ah hed fun it. There wor J. BROOK, we hiz cotton e different degrees a preperashan ; an sewin cotton for embroidery : an

EDWARD LEAROYD, we hiz cloath made a full'd wool. An A. OLDFIELD AN CO., we ther combed wool : hey, an ive hed mine comb'd rairly an all, when ah wor a lad, an diddant forget ta bawk aght, nawther ! An J. AN T. C. WRIGLEY AN CO., we ther silk texters an fancy traaser cloath. Yis, a chap at wor bow-leg'd or knock-a-need sud wear this, for thade be soa throng wod foaks e lookin at cloath, at thade nivver see ther legs wot shap thay wor. Then thear wor

J. DAY, we hiz woollen weft, an silk an cotton warps ; hey, an ah wor warpt an all, wal ah waukt all a wun side like a crab, we twistin an skewin abaght so. Then there wor

HUTH AN FISHER, we ther texter a com'd wool, we silk an cotton, for waistcoits ; an texters a goat hair—but whether it wor billy-goat hair or no, it diddant say. No, but mind yo, ah say if it cum off an a customer a that soart, ah sud want sum fresh air vary offance, or else ah sud faint. Then there wor

DANIEL SCHOFIELD, az fearse az yo please, we hiz checkard music desk an writin table. Yis, but then yo naw we wun's life bein checkard, it diddant astonish a boddy sa much. Nah t'writein desk ah wor reight pleaz'd we, an thowt at it ad be a nice prezant for a yung laidy ta write luv letters on. Nah as ta

Manchester, ah wor capt we it, for thear warrant a name ta be fun onnywhere. Ah thowt at thay wor ashaim'd a wot thade sent, wal ah cum ta enquire, an ah larnt at thade agreed ta shew altagether, wethaght a name ; an there it wor writtan all up an daan, "*District de Manchester et Salford.*" But no matter for that, it diddant hinder me throo lookin at ther fancy drills, gaubrons, fancy coloured Canton, an split up drill ; gingham, shert-ins, an noabdy naws wot beside ; for there wor a caanter twenty yards long, az full az it cud cram. Nah

G. WILSON put hiz name up az fearse az cud be ; but then he shew'd a vase, an hed nowt ta do wit manefackterin chaps : an it wor a vase, mind yo ! hey, it ad a held a rare joram a punch,—wha boil'd milk, if yo like, ime noan patiekalar. An

DAVID DOLAN wor noan scaard a hiz name bein seen, noan he,

marry! an that bein t'caise, ah spent a bit a extra time e lookin at hiz Gothic colum an mouldins; an az ah lookt, ah thowt at David wor a reight daan clever chap. E movin off throo here, ah cum to a big cherch bell, kest be Hodges, a Dublin, we sum wurds on it, "My voice praize Thee, O God!" which wor varry good, a thowt; but thowt agean at if t'congregashan at it call'd together wor ta praize Him astead, it ad a been a deal better. We this, ah waukt on tiil ah wor stopt we a pair a big iran gates, we two grand lamps a awther side, painted we braan an gold, made be Cottham an Hallen, a Lunnan. Nah t'lamps a awther side wor a good idea, for ive seen coachmen sumtimes rairly bothered ta stear throo a pair a gates; that's been when thave hed a drop a owd October upa t'box-seat we em, and ther gold girdle shuv'd hauf way up ther hat. Then not far off a t'gates, wor Chubb's, Hobbs's, an Brammah's locks, all e cumpany tagether, an lookin az friendly az cud be. An mind yo thear wor sum gimerack wark in em; wha a pick-lock key woddant naw t'road into wun on em, lettin alone pickin it. Ah raiter tade a bit a intrest e Brammah's locks, becos he sprang—Brammah did—throo within a stone-throw a my obzarvatory. Well, t'next few yards at ah went browt ma rattlin ameng

T'*Sheffield* goods: an there wor hung up a surkular saw, be-longin ta HOOL AN STAMFORTH, big enif ta screw a back at mooin ta keep it throo crackin; an a lot a hand an top-saws beside, thay hed. An B. an W. J. Cock hed a yung surkler saw; but noa daght az yung az it wor, it ad mack t'dust fly aght ov a deel plenk rairly, or slice a tree into trenchers varry soin. JACKSON AN Co. hed a rattlin lot a rasps, files, hatchits, an nades: when ah lookt at last article, it put me e t'mind a t'sayin, at the dival cud use onny soart ov a instrament but a nadge, an that he did-dant like a bit, for when he tried it he struck it into hiz shin t'furst stroak he tade, an daan he threw it! an ime not aware at heze seen or hed a nadge e hiz hand sin. Az to ther rasps, thay lookt varry good, but if thade a been garden rasps ah sud a liket em better. Then J. Moss, an CAMBLE BROTHERS, hed no small shew a saws, boath for wood an meit, an be t'look a ther teeth ide noa daght but wot thade varry sooin mack ther way throo awther. COCKER BROTHERS hed sum bar steel, ah saw, but ah diddant tay much noatis on it, for ime raiter agean owt at saands like bar, espeshally if it be toll-bar, for ime sure if yo go on sum roads thare az renk az mile-poasts nearly. Well t'next plaice at ah cum too, wor IBBOTSON BROTHERS AN Co., we ther brace an bits, deggers, hammer-heads, an skrews; but t'firm warrant skrews, mind yo, for thear wor a jorum a things beside theaze. Ah did-dant care much abaght t'brace an bit, but mind yo ah lookt a bit askew at deggers; an for fear at sumady sud be cumin up an tryin if wun ad run throo my waisteoit, ah tade mesen nice an quiatly away, an lookt at

JOHN TURTON AN SONS' springs, at wor sed ad bear onny weight throo a penny-rowl to a maantan. Nah this wor enif ta

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S VISSIT TA PARIS,

mack wun smile like summer, ta see springs like thay wor: for thay snap like hickles, do sum on em, hey, if yo run ovver t'shadda ov a gate-post homast. BEDFORD, too, hed a famous lot a articles,—sich az saws, hatchits, chizzils, an plane-irans (but az plain az thay wor thay lookt good ans); an az ta t'chizzils, thead noabdy be chizzild varry far, ah naw, at bowt owt like thay wor. This endad *Sheffield*, az far az ah cud see. So ah waukt on ta where there wor a big oval picktar ov a eagle flutterin ovver a cletch a yung ducks an ther muther—all a which, we trees, rocks, an watter, ar form'd ov cuttins ov human hair. This iz a moast astonishin peice a wark, an sud be seen be ivveryboddy at goaze inta t'p'laice. An ah mun tell yo at Moxon's, a Luman, shew'd sum likenesses a wood an marrable, at if yo diddant mind wot yo wor abaght, yod think thay wor real.

Well, nah then t'next plaices at ah cum to wor *Glasgow*, we it fancy shawls, scarfs, an henkechers; an *Paisley*, we az much threed az ad sarve all t'tailors, dressmackers, an industreas wimmin e t'country,—hey, if thay liv'd wal thay wor t'age a Owd Parr, an sew'd wal ther needles wor red-hoat a score times a-day! Then cum *Belfast*, we SMITH, WEIR, & Co.'s paar-loom an family linnen, an onny boddy at hezant a familey, ah sud say; though more familey there iz an more ad we wantad, that's all. An then there wor JAFF BROTHERS AN Co., we ther shertin cloath, az fine az writin paper, an az white az snaw. An cumin back agean ta t'English manufackter, there wor WALFORD AN SONS, a *Brompton*, we a rare shew a linnens! hey, sich az warrant ta be fun felt we be onnyboddy. An cloise ta them, in a little snug spot, wor HATTERSLEY AN PARKINSON's linen goods, throo *Bairnsla*. Well, yo naw, ah wor at home dereckty—ov course ah wor; ah wor it likely at ah sud be onny uther wez? wha it warrant likely at all! an ah set too an lookt at wot thear wor, az fearse az if ide more reight then onnyboddy else. An t'furst thing at tade my attenshan wor sum tawallin, which ah thowt if sum Frenchmen at ide seen, cud but uze for a week or two, thade hev raither a clearer cumpleshan then wot thay hed; for thay wor within hauf-a-shade a bein t'colour ov a toad-back. Hey, an it struck ma at thade leave t'print a ther cheek upa t'pilla-caises, if thay wor laid up a sum on em at wor there. Then there wor ther plate, tea, cook's, butter, an puddin cloaths; t'last a which, ah tade a bit a noatis on, for ime a boy for pudding, ah am!—espe-shally when theaze a toathree a curns an raisins put in ta keep it throo boilin hard! Az to ther sheetins, ticks, damasks, drill diapers, an uther things, thay wor furst-rate, an a credit boath ta owd *Bairnsla* an them at sent em.

Hevin az ah thowt seen all at wor wurth seein e t'low story, ah tade a stroll up in ta

T'Gallery.

An e gettin inta t'staircaise, which wor all solid stone, t'furst thing at catcht me seet, wor t'wurd "*Restaurant*." Cum, thowt

ah, that smells summat likely, that duz ! for ah began ta feel peckish an dry : but for all that, mind yo, ah wor a good while e this staircaise, lookin at windaz, for thay wor all fill'd we picktars a staind-glass ov likenesses a aingils, apostals, Vurgan Mary, an uther foaks. E reichin t'top step there wor t'*Restaurant*, an after tayin stock a wot thear wor, ah sat ma daan, an orderd em ta bring a bottle a Burdoo wine, and two biskits. T'wine wor two frenes, an t'biskits hauf-a-frenc : not sa dear, nawther, ah thowt, for a plaice like it ; though t'biskits wor like gein a elefant a cumfit ta suck, for thear wor nowt on em arldy. Haivver, there ah wor, az big az an olderman, an drank ta all me owd friends e merry Englandshire " t'good health." Yo naw ah did it quiatly, for if ide a sed it heigh up foaks ad a thowt at ide hed a bottle or two before sumwhere. Hevin finisht me *dejeuner* an gettin up, ah felt az if ide gottan a pair a new legs put on, an off ah marcht, mackin ivverything dither agean at ah cum near, wal ah cum to a street a glass-caises throo Lyons, at ran throo wun end at gallery ta t'tuther ; an there ah stopt all ov a suddan, top full a wunderment we t'grander at seet,—dresses, shawls, silk velvet, curtans, lace, embroidery. Nay, marry, it wor impossible ta tell wot thear wor. If ide a been a laidy, ah happan mud a dun, but ah defy onny man e t'wurld for doin it. Nah it tade me a good clock-haar ta finish this seet ; wha it ad a tain sum wimmin at ah naw a fortnit, an then thade a hed ta been tain away be main force homast. Wot ah liket t'best e this glitterin shew, wor belongin ta MATHEOVAN, BOUVARD, BLACKIE, AN CO., THOLOZAN AN CO., an J. P. AN B. MARTIN AN CASIMER. Yis, an if thade a been there, ide a shackt hands we em wal ther elbows ad crackt, for bein sich clever chaps, an a tell'd em, beside, at it wor weel wurth cumin all t'way throo Pogmoor ta see this single seet. T'next objectt at struck me attenshan (for mind yo ah wor bad ta please after hevin seen wot ah hed), wor

T'ENTRANCE TA T'ROYAL APPARTMENTS, which wor all grandly carved a plaister-wark be Monsieur Cruchet, a Paris ; an ovver t'doorway wor two letters, " N. E.," varry nicely put in. Wal ah wor lookin, we me maath az wide hoppan az ah cud get it, a man cum up ta me, dresst az fine az yo please, an invitad ma ta goa in an look at t'Emperor an t'Empress's rooms, which ah wor varry glad ta do, yo mind, an in ah popt at wun stride nearly. But ta tell yo wot thay wor like ah cuddant, wor it ivver so, thay wor sa rich e silk, velvit, an gold. Wha thay maddald ma so, did t'two rooms, at ah wipet me feet when ah went aght astead a when a went in ; hey, an ah suddant a fun it-aght, but ah twig'd t'chap at t'door smilein aght a boath corners ov hiz maath at it. But mind yo, ah felt a little bit praad a mesen, e hevin t'honor a bein invitad inta where ah wor, an ah do believe at ah wor a inch heigher for an haar at after, if ide a been mesard. Ha, if sum at foaks throo Pogmoor cud just a peept throo t'lock-hoyle, an a seen ma waukin abaght e t'royal appartments, wha thade a neer forgottan it wal t'longist day thay liv'd ; an more

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S VISSIT TA PARIS,

then that, thade a hommast been fit to a tutcht ther hats, an made kurehys to ma! E goin throo here ah cum to a glass caise e which wor a peice a silk we all t'arms e Europe embroiderd on it; hey, an that ov ar's wor rather better dun then wot it iz e t'Exhebishan catalogue; for if yo look a t'lion faice there, yol find it for all t'wurd like a owl peepin aght ov a ivy bush; an az ta t'unicorn, ah defy onny boddly livin ta tell wot soart ov a animal it iz. Wha if Buffan hed a been e egshistance, he'd a goan streight ta t'chap at drew it, an gein him a good horsewhippin, hey, ime sure he wod, an a sarvd him reight. E waukin ta t'end at gallery ah cum ta T'EAST INDIA COURT, it shap ov a tent, fill'd we t'richest things at yo can fancy eud be browt aght a that country. Theaze t'durbar ov a prince, an t'gold embroideries made wun's ees flash agean, wit dazzle. An az ta t'muzzlin, there wor nowt near sa much weft in it az thear wor in a arran web. All abaght t'aghtside a this tent wor sum splendid earvd chairs an sofas, an sum rich carpetin be Jeffreys an Sons, a Luman. An Meechi's dressin caises, we raizors in em, sharp enif ta cut a Frenchman hiz mustash off az he went past em. Then there wor a clock throo Belgium, wot shewd t'time ov all t'principle plaices e t'wurd (Pogmoor ov course ameng em,) t'day e t'week, t'munth, an mean time. Then cum sum Belgium laice, wovan a thread, wurth 3,500 francs a paand; my wurd, thowt ah, but thay owt ta be laiet, thay did, at ware sich extravagant stuff az it. Then there wor a lot a Burlin patterns, ameng which, wor poartraits a t'Queen ov England, an t'Empresses ov France an Austria. Thay wor *poartraits*, an no mistake, for ive seen menny a womman darn a stockin heel az weel!

Nah T'GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY shewd off e grand style we sum cannalsticks, az eueas az ivver ah saw onny; wha if owd Pally Pinwire, a Pogmoor, hed wun on em sent hur, shood be puzzald ta naw wot ivver it wor for,—shood think at it wor ta put flaars in, an not sich an a nasty, greasy thing, az a cannal; but, mind yo, thay wor benties. Thay wor e t'shape a figures, representin Benevolence, Celina, George Heriot, Sur Martin Bowes, Richard t'Seckand (grantin t'charter ov incorporation ta t'Goldsmiths' Company e 1392), Justice, Michael Angelo (e t'study ov hiz maister), an Science. After theaze cum PAISLEY, we it shawls, an az t'sun shane throo t'glass-roof onto em, t'flaars wor like az if thay hoppand wider an wider. Next to em wor NOTTINGHAM, we it splendad caises a laice; ah wisht at it hed been fashionuble for men ta hev laice a ther hats, ide a hed mine euvard wit pattern a sum at ah saw. Wha it ad a made onny boddiz faice handsom, ah doant care wot soart ov a wun it wor, if it ad a hed a bit a this laice put raand it. Wal ah wor e this paart a t'gallery, ah man tell yo at thear wor sum optical obzarvashans wurth a peep at, an t'engravins at wor hung agean t'wall wor weel wurth anuther peep, and so wor sum tapistry; hey, so wor Mossman's caise ov ornamental paper. Well, this wor a finisher so far az this department went; but just let ma say, before ah

TA SEE T'GREAT FRENCH EXHEBISHAN.

leave it, at it's sadly short a seats for foaks ta sit daan on, for ime sure at ah waukt, an waukt agean, wal my legs bent like willows. Another thing, there wants more refreshment stalls, for yo may faint reight away before yo can get at owt ta stop it; but it strikes me at theaze two things al be recktefied, for it wor talked abaat, ah understood, after ide been in, an thade seen ma set on a bee-hoppit, suckin a orange. Well, but off ah startad for

T' Fine Art Court.

That iz, where all t'picktars an t'skulptur wor; but, mind yo, ide ta goa aght a doors ta get ta it, for it wor a seperat beeldin, hey, an a seperat pay an all, but ah diddant object ta that abit az sooin az ah gat me noaze in, an a glent a t'spot: no, ah wor satisfied at my brass wor goin ta be weel worn here. But furst ov all, this Fine Art Beeldin, let ma tell yo, ah wor gein ta understand ow'd its egshistance ta t'Empress Eugenie, an if so, shoo desarvd t'thinks a t'French nashan, for t'Exhebishan ad a been but a poorish affair wethaght it, that's my opinion, though wot ive discribed to yo iz grand for all that. Well, then here e this wun beeldin twenty-eight nashans ar represented be 2054 artists, shewin e all 5112 wurks ov art; ov theaze 1059 ar French, an 995 furriners. Aght ov all theaze, 2810 belong to France. T'English, haivver, cum up rairly, so far az numbers go; it hez 99 painters, 34 skulpters, 51 engravers, 49 arketeckts, 9 lithografers, an 51 wattar-colour painters. Theaze hez sent 232 oil paintins, 76 peices a skulpter, 164 engravins, 128 arketecktral drawins, 33 lithografs, an 144 wattar-colour drawins: mackin e all 777 British wurks. E gettin fair inta t'beeldin, which wor litterally cram'd we foaks, so much so, at menny a time ah diddant tutch t'graand for two or three minits, an wor foarst ta go which way t'foaks hed a mind, not az ide a mind. Haivver, e this predieckament, ah cud see varry clearly at France aght-shane all uther nashans e t'number ov hur produckshans, an goodness too. Wha t'English paintins, to me, lookt dull, sperritless, an poor, cumpaird to all t'tuthers. Ime suar if ah heddant a seen em, ah cuddant a believd at there wor sich a difference between t'English an uther skooils; but so it wor, an ivveryboddy al see it at goes inta t'plaice. What struck me az bein good, puttin Horace Vernet a wun side, we hiz miles a canvas, wor Danby's "Evenin Gun." There wor a grander abaght this pickter, at there warrant e noa uther it plaice; an for all it wor nobbat a "minnit gun," it shot my attenshan so az ah cuddant get away throo it for a quarter-ov-an-haar. Ameng uther paintins at ah liket, wor sum be Frith, Mulready, Leslie, Landseer, Milias, Holman, Hunt, Lee, Maclise, Egg, Webster, Goodall, Stansfield, Duncan, an sum uthers. T'English wattar-colour paintins an prints fill'd all wun gallery, nearly. Az ta t'English skulpter, ah wor more then a bit pleazd we. There wor a cock battle so nattaral, at ah cud hommast fancy at ah cud hear ther

feet clatter wun agean tuther; hey, an if owd wot-the-ma-call-him, a Ossitt-street-side, cud but just a seen em, he'd call agh't "Well dun, duck-wing!" ah naw. An there wor a baskit we a bairn in, an t'willows wor really soa nattaral at yo cud fancy at t'bairn made t'baskit fairly creak. Bailey an Westmacot shewd sum really good chizzil-wark, an which wor a deal noatist. But t'peice a statuary at tade my attenshan t'moast, wor a monster productuckshan be Kiss, a Berlin, ov George an t'Dragon: ha, it wor fearful, wor this, but grand! E speikin a t'picktars agean, there wor wun e t'PRUSSIAN COURT,—a moo'in an fire-leet peice, at wor colourd ta t'egshack't shade at thay owt ta be; an a splended dresst Spanish laidy, be F. de Madrazo. E t'FRENCH COURT, wor a siatue ov Winterhalter, an paintins ov scenes e t'French revolution; Bull Feight; Statue a t'King ov Belgium; an "Adam an Eve driven agh't a Paradise." Theaze wor wot tade my fancy; an there wor hundards more at ad tay uther foaks's fancy. Wot ah wor much pleaz'd at e goin inta this beeldin wor, at thay made ivvery boddy go e wun dereckshan, boath up stairs an daan: be that there wor noa confushan e meetin wun anuther faice ta faice, an bobbin ther noazes together, or hevin ther but-tans pull'd off, or toes troddan on, or owt e that soart. An when yo gat to a sartan door we "*sortie*" writtan over it, agh't yo popt. Hey, an if ivveryboddy wor az pleaz'd az ah wor, then thay wor pleazd, yo mind, an no mistack! for ah turn'd ma raand an lookt at t'beeldin quite delightad, though it worrant fine aghtside, but it wor in, yo mind. Yes, that's the spot for me! Noan a yer aghtside shew, ah say! Nah, e t'next plaice, ah wor varry much obleeg'd to a Frenchman, who cud speik English like a goodan, for t'pains at he tade ta get me inta

T'Macheenry Department.

Ime suar if he went ta wun pairt, he went ta hauf-a-duzzan, ta get ma leave ov admittance. For yo mun understand at it worrant hoppand to be shewn ta vissitars. At last he manidgd, an in we went together, an a ruff spot it lookt, ah do assure yo. Az for t'length a t'plaice, ah cud ardly see t'end on it, for it wor wun long-room, sed ta be three quarter-ov-a-mile long, an runs all on t'benk-side a t'rivver Seine. An az ah sed, it wor a ruff spot, so it wor, for thear wor nowt finisht ardly; still, ah wor pleaz'd ta think at ide hed a peep inta it, so az ah cud hev sum idea wot it ad be like when it wor all e full goa an clatter; an ive noa daght, mind yo, but wot it al be a seet weel wurth seein. Well nah, this finishes me accaant a t'Palais de l'Industrie, an me furst day e Paris. T'next al be a descripshan a t'publick beeldins, an uther noatad plaices.

T'SEETS E PARIS.



HEVIN seen
t'Great French
Exhebishan e
t'furst plaice ov
all — an which
ah ment ta do
when ah left
Owd England —
ah next startad,
after breikfast
at Friday, ta hev
a peep at t'pub-
lick beeldins,
an uther seets e
Paris; ant'furst
beeldin ah gat
too wor

T'CHERCH A
T'MADALEINE,
which ah fun e

all it grandeur, restin up a fifty-two flutad pillars, 49 feet heigh a-piece; on t'north an saath sides wor statue-figures a saints, stanin e hoyles it walls, az if thay wor shelterin thersenze throo t'rain, or tayin care at t'carts diddant run ovver ther toes, or summat a that soart; an nivver a wun did ah naw aght at lot (an there wor thurty-three on em), exceptin Sant Phillip an t'aingil Gabrial, — all t'tuther wor French saints. Up e t'gable end, ovver t'frunt door, wor a figure a Christ, we Mary Magdalin at hiz feet; an ta t'reight wor t'aingil a Marcy, Innocence, Faith, Hope, an Charity; at t'left wor t'aingil a Vengeance repellin Hatred, Hypocrisy, an Avarice. This wor sed ta be t'biggest skulptur'd gable e t'wurd, an tade two years ta do it. T'figure a Christ wor eighteen feet heigh, an t'entrance-door (which wor big enif for a weggin load a hay ta go in) wor 33 feet heigh, be 16 an-a-hauf feet wide, an cuvvard all ovver we 'lustrashans a t'Ten Commandments. E goin up t'steps, e which ah thowt ah sud a wurkt cap a me knees off befoar ah gat ta t'top, ah went inside, an saw a magnificant seet all at wunce. Ovver me head wor an organ az big az a little cherch nearly; a me reight wor a chappil where thay wed foaks, an a picktar representin t'Marridge a t'Vurgin; a me left wor t'cressanin font, an a picktar a Christ an Sant John e t'river Jordan. Daan t'sides a t'chappil wor twelve confeshon-

als, for foaks ta go into ta tell t'priest when thade dun owt rang! an it struck me, at if thay made a pracktis a goin ivvery time at thay did so, at t'steps a t'confeshonal ad be worn away menny a year befoar onny uther pairt a t'beeldin wor. Daan at far end, wor t'oltar, ov a simmesurkler shap, we a skye-leet aboon it, but it wor soa dazillin we picktars an statues, at ah cud ardly fix me ee upa wun thing long enif ta tell wot it wor, reightly;—t'fact wor, t'spot wor fill'd we pillars, arches, stone saints, Vurgin Marys, an picktars; ameng which wor wun representin Napoleon puttin hiz hand aght ta tay t'craan throo Pius t'Thurd. Behind t'north door, aght a t'seet ov ivveryboddy, wor six bells, which wor rung be six men clinkin em we hammers,—a regelar boiler-mackin saand it wor, al assure yo. Nah this Madeleine, e which mass wor perform'd ivvery Sunday mornin at eleven o'clock, an a feast days, wor ment be Napoleon az a momorial ov hiz victories; an my opinion wor, at it owt to a been for that, an nowt else: for az it wor, it wor nowt but a medley ov Pagan temple an Christian chorch. E leavin here, an goin daan t'east side a t'beeldin, ah wor much pleaz'd at findin mesen e t'flaar-market. It wor a long avenue a stalls, fill'd we plants, shrubs, an poasies, all dun up nicely e white paper: thay wor soa pratty at ah bowt a poasy at hed a pink in it, an put it e t'button-hoyle a me coit, which made ma look rarean smart al assure yo! an whether t'womman at ah bowt it on thowt there wor two pinks or noa, ah doant naw, but shoo wor rarean full ov hur laff—ah cud tell that, if ah cuddant tell ther tawk! A few yards throo here, at t'entrance a t'Boulevards, an at t'corner a t'*Rue des Capucines*, ah wor pointed aght t'spot where t'shot wor fired e t'neet a t'23rd a February, 1848, at led ta t'ovvertlraw a t'government;—noa joake ov a time, that worrant, thowt ah; an away ah went daan Laffete-street, an goin past t'benk a t'same name, ah felt e me pockits ta see hah ah stood for rino; for if t'stock wor low, ah thowt at it ad be a good shop ta ax a favor at: but ah fun at ide noa cashan, an it wor az weel happan, for varry likely a French favor ad a been like a English favor, when yo ax wun—a dissapointment. E waukin on, ah cum ta t'plaice at ah wantad, that wor

T'CATHEDRAL CHERCH A NOTRE DAME—a maantan a carv'd stone; an as Sant Paul's wor t'father ov all t'cherches e Lunnan, so this wor t'father ov all t'cherches e Paris. After lookin t'aght-side weel ovver,—at least az much az ah cud for boards an scaffal pows, for tear wor menny a hundard masons wurkin at it, be order a t'emperor,—ah went inside: an there wor sum inside, yo mind! boath width, length, an height,—but a long way off a bein clean; wha it diddant seem az if t'walls or ceilin hed been tutcht we owt e t'shap ov a brush sin it wor belt. T'ceilins a t'two side aisles seem'd t'best, an thay wor painted blue we gold hummabees on em. Nah t'organ wor wot ah call'd a fine box a pipes. It stud 45 feet heigh an 36 broad, an hed 3485 pipes in. As for t'tombs an marrable monuments, they shew'd t'marks a wot there hed been ta do e t'plaice e 1789 an 1793; an t'walls too, for thay

wor az full a hoyles az a sleek-riddle. There wor a picktar, be Salvator Rosa, call'd t'Assumshan, at wor a maister-peice, an tade my fancy a good deal; so did three hollow gilt busts, e which wor sed ta be relics ov Sant Ursula, an t'eleven thaazand vurgins ov Cologne! When ah gat ta t'choir, ah pull'd a bell-string, t'ring a which hung daan bit railin wot dividad t'choir throo wot thay call'd t'transept, when up cum a chap az nimal az a doncin maister, an hoppand t'gate, which squakt az if it hed-dant hed a drop a oyle for a thaazand year. This chap gav me a tickit, t'price a which wor hauf a frenc; after this, he tade ma throo a low voltad passage at wor rather frettnin, yo mind, into a room where there wor three windaz, we twenty-four a t'archbishops a Paris grandly painted on em, be M. Mareschal, a Lyons, throo Sant Landry (e t'time a Charlemagne) ta archbishop Affree, who fell e t'insareckshan ov June, 1848. This wor splendashas. E t'same plaice there wor a oal lot a oak-presses, fill'd we cherch-utensils—dresses, miters, crosses, an t'robe worn be Pius VII. when Napoleon wor craand; t'mask ov archbishop Affree, an t'ball at kill'd him: this room, which wor a treat ta see, cost a million a francs. E leavin here, ah stroll'd abaght t'boddy a t'cherch agean, an stood before t'railin a t'choir, where t'Emperor an t'Empress a t'French kneel'd em daan ta be wed, e January, 1853. This cherch, even for it picktars, wor weel wurth seein, for there must be sum scores on em. Off a t'top a t'taar ah wor tell'd at there wor a good view a Paris, but not feelin e tune for maantin sa menny steps, or disturbin t'jackdaws an sparras, ah satisfied mesen we believin it wor true, an away a went an hed a peep at

T'PANTHEON, which ah warrant sorry for, becos there ah fun t'volts where Voltaire an Rousseau wor laid; an a varry cureas thing beside,—that ov a pendlam hingin throo t'doom, which shew'd t'egshackt moashan a t'earth. Hevin seen this, wurdlin-like, ah trudg'd off ta

T'BOURSE, a moast capital stone beeldin, we four fine statues stanin at corners, az if thay wor watchin hah menny honest foaks went in an aght; but thay represent Commerce, Justice, Industry, an Agreculture. Ah waukt reight up into t'gallery, where ah cud look daan below into a hall at wor 116 feet long, be 76 feet wide, t'sides a which wor ivvery bit marrable, where t'stock brokers an t'marchants meet ta do biznass. Ah wor a little bit sorry at it warrant biznass time wal ah wor in, which wor at wun o'clock, for ah wor gien ta understand at t'rackit at wor kickt up wor undiscibeable. It formerly wor t'custom to allah laidiz to go into this plaice, but thay began a gamlin so at thay wor foarst ta put a stop to it, an varry reight too, for thay can gamal brass enif away e finery, thay can; beside, their *Bourse* sud be home, ah say, an so will menny a wun beside. But for all thay wor order'd aght, theaze laidiz, thay may be seen saunterin abaght an carryin on ther gamlin propensatis aghtside a t'beeldin, an under t'trees. T'roof wor all copper an iron, an like all publick beeld-

ins homast e Paris, wor let throo t'roof; t'ceilin wor splendidly painted e *grisaille*, be Abel de Pujol. Leavin here, an droppin into a *café* be way ov a refresher, an gettin a cup a coffee, for it wor sa hoat at ah really thowt at ah sud be meltad away ta nowt but me backbone!—wha me hat did begin ta slip ovver me ears, at made a boddy look az if thay worrant all there. It wor a nice little *café* at ah popt into, an a nice little cup a coffee at thay browt ma; wha there worrant aboon two tablespooin full, for t'cup remindad me varry much, bit thickness on it, ov a pomatum pot, an if it heddant a been at ide a little drop a braan cream to it, ah suddant a nawn at ide hed owt! for this ah paid six-an-a-haaf sous, an then made t'best a me way for

T'PALAIS ROYAL. An my wurd wot a pile a stone an windaz it wor, ta be sure! Wha Richelieu, wot belt it, must a been a cureosaty hissen, to a thowt a sich an a plaice; but so he did, an deed in it; an after that, t'king went to it, an that wor t'reazan at it wor call'd Palais Royal. Wun pairt a t'beeldin wor fittad up e grand style, for Prince Jerome ta liv in; an ah cud a liket to a liv'd in it for a minnit or two, just to a hed a peep at it, but it cuddant be, for there wor noabdy alaad ta go in wethaght a tickit throo t'minister a t'state, or when t'prince wor at hiz country house at Meudon. So we that, ah satisfied mesen we lookin at t'aghtside; though ah wor a bit sorry, becos it cum into me head abaght t'Twenty-fowat a February, 1848, when ivverything e t'plaice wor smasht ta peices be a mob—sum a t'wreck a which noa daght ah sud a seen. Az ah waukt on throo squares an alleys, ah thowt thead be noa end to it; an ah hardly wanted wun, for t'seets a t'shops wor really grand,—espeshally t'jewillers an t'restaurants, which wor painted an deekt aght like fairy-rooms! It wor sed at ivveryboddy at goaze ta Paris shud dine at wun a theaze plaices; but ah diddant, for me ees wor so feastad at me happytite cumpleatly fagat itsen: beside, ah larnt at thay wor dear shops. There wor wun cureas thing at ah saw, an that wor a solar cannon, which wor fired off be t'sun when it wor up at merridian: it wor a rare long match at owd Sol ad hev, wod-dant it? There wor wun thing here at ah wor caushand abaght, an that wor, not ta tay onny noatis a t'mock ockshans, or lend me ear ta onny a t'pretendad dealers, if ah did ah sud be jew'd; but ah saw nowt a t'soart, an if ah hed it ad a been t'same, for ime nowt e t'mock line. E leavin this royal spot, where t'tri-colour'd cockade wor furst browt aght, ah threedad me way ta

T'CHERCH A SANT ROCHE, e Rue Sant Honoré, which ah fun ta be wun at niceist little relidgas beeldins e Paris,—at least so far az ide seen. Picktars an statues cuvvard all t'walls nearly, but so plaict az ta gie a nice effect. T'olter wor splendid; an t'lofty doom, at cregd me neck we lookin up at it, wor richly painted. T'pooilpit hed summat abaght it at wor good az far az t'shap on it went; it wor made a white skulpter'd drapery held up be a aingil. Thear wor a menny nice toombs; but that e which t'benefactor a t'cherch wor laid, wor all demolisht e t'revo-

lution e 1789. Behind t'choir wor a shrine a cedar-wood, browt throo Lebanon, an wot acktly smell'd, for all it wor sa menny hundard years owd; this stood on a marrable box, e which wor t'relies a t'cherch. T'best peice a skulpter e t'plaice, az ah thowt, wor upa t'olter, e white marrable; it wor t'likeness a t'Infant Jesus e t'Mainger, we t'Vurgan an Joseph kneelin beside on em. Behind t'Laidy Chapel, wor wot wor call'd t'holy Sacrament, painted e representation a t'Holy ov Holies a t'Moasaic Tabernacle; an here wor all t'ornaments a t'Jewish ritual; an e t'winda wor painted a likeness a t'Bishop a Paris wot wor kill'd at a barricade e June, 1848. This cherch wor full ov ivvery thing at wor grand, an heigh mass wor grand too, at feast days, az it wor at t'Madeleine. But before leavin this cherch, let ma tell yo, at t'steps at leads up ta it, an which ah went up an daan, wor famous for a menny scenes e t'time a t'French revolushan. T'mob craadad on em ta see Marie Antoinette led ta t'scaffold; Napoleon clear'd em ov a mob we cannon; an a stand wor made there agean t'gendarmes ov Charles X: an a menny uther incidents. Bein much pleaz'd we t'seet here, ah tript it off like a red-shenk, ta hev a peep at

T'LOUVRE, which ide been gien ta understand wor wun a t'grandist plaices e Paris. Where ah went in at, wor a room fill'd we modern skulpter. T'furst at ah saw wor Louis XIV. prayin; which wor az ah thowt a nice attetude for a king or a subjeckt awther. Then a splendad tomb ov Cardinal Mazanie; Louis XIII. houdin hiz craan aght az if he wantad ta gie it away; a Aingil breikin a Stick; a Owd Man giein a Bairn summat ta Drink: which lookt reight fatherly; Rolland playin on a Harp, wor capital, an it ad tay sum capital ta buy it. L'Amour an Psyche, be Canova, wor a reight luvin cupple. T'next plaice ah went into wor

T'MUSEE DES ANTIQUES, an hed likeand ta a tumald over a pair a great stone feet, if ah hed, ah sud a goan we a bonny beng agean t'corner ov a stone-cubbard, an that ah suddant a liket. It struck me, when ah lookt at t'feet agean, at if wun on em hed a corn on, it ad hev ta be az big az a fur-apple before it cud a felt it nip. All abaght here wor sum freetful craters stanin an sittin, at ad a scaard t'owd lad; an sum toombs at ad be rare grand plaices for foaks ta be berried in, at wanted ta tay ther brass we em,—an eaze a menny e t'wurld at cud like ta do that! E goin up stairs, there wor a rum-lookin chap upa t'landin, at made ma jump an laff at same time. E gettin on ta t'top step, ah wor in a gallery ameng mummies, coffins, manuscripts, an suits ov armour, which wor all wurth lookin at. An t'next thing ah saw wor t'spot where Henry IV. uzed ta sleep, but where ah cuddant a doaz'd arldy; also a silver figure, a grand olter-peice a t'order a t'Holy Ghoast, sum gold glitterin cloaks an mantles, a font uzed at t'chresanin a Sant Louis, an t'airm chair belongin ta King Dagobert,—an noan a varry eazy, nawther, if he wor a king, but he happan sat az eazy e it az his craan sat

on hiz head. Then there wor Louis Phillip's writin desk, pairtly brokan be t'revolushanists e 1848. Yis, an let ma tell yo, wal ime namin this, at ide a bit a t'silk cover an fringe gien to ma belongin ta t'chair at Louis sat in just before t'revolushan begun, not at t'Louvre, yol understand, but at anuther plaice.—T'next cureosaty at ah cum to, wor a bible ov Charlemagne, dated 780, (hiz prayer-book wor e t'private library); an Napoleon's camp-bed, at hed creakt noa daght menney a time we hiz turnin ovver in it in hiz sleepless neets; also hiz saddle an sturrops ov crimson an silver an gold; gloves at he ware e Egypt, t'uniform coit, at he ware at t'battle a Marengo; an hiz hat—a raand an at he ware at Sant Helena: ah wor reight pleaz'd we this, becos ah cud just picktar ta mesen wot an a droll-lookin chap he'd look; beside a theaze wor hiz craan,—not hiz hat-craan, no, hiz gold craan,—an hiz pockit-henkecher at he uzed on hiz death-bed.—Thear wor room for sum thowt here, mind yo, an ah lookt varry minutely at t'pockit-henkecher ta see if thead been owt like tears on it; an ah cud fancy thear hed. Beside theaze, ah cud goa on describin things wot ah saw an liket, wal me book ad be az thick az a toomb-stone, but yol like ta be satisfied we wot ive menshand. But let ma tell yo, before ah leave off, at Louis Napoleon hez hed no less then 674 hauses pull'd daan before t'Tuileries an t'Louvre at a cost ov abaght ninety millions a francs, an grand hauses an streets are bein belt an laid aght e all dereckshans, at t'expense a t'state; am sure ah diddant naw t'plaice no more then if ide nivver been e Paris before, it wor so olter'd. It bein nah five o'clock, ah startad for me owd favrit restaurant, 14, Rue de Madeleine, ta dinner. Yis, that wor t'time a t'day at French foaks dined, an it wor foarst ta be mine, though ah diddant like it, for ah reckand ta get my dinner at hoam at abaght hauf-past twelve. Haivver, ah made rost-beef an plum-puddin dissappeare when ah gat it, an ah cud get it here ta perfeckshan; an sum good Lun-nan poarter too, which ah generally tade e preference ta French beer, for it wor nobbat like rinchins ov a trakle cask, it worrant. Anuther thing, thear wor a good English waiter at cud tawk to a boddy, an bring wot wun wantad—if thear heddant, an ide to a goan be a board at thay browt ma, call'd a bill-a-fare, ah sud a gottan noabdy naws wot,—varry likely frog-soup, but ah tade care a that, for ah nivver hed owt at wantad suppin we a spooin. Bein nah boath refresht an restad, an t'weather az fine az a wesherwomman cud wish it, ah startad for

T'GARDIN A T'TUILERIES, an there stroll'd abaght like a little lord ameng t'orange, chesnut, elm, and lime trees, an twistad gravil wauks, kestin me ee up at t'palace ivvery nah an then, thinkin at t'emperor ad happan be lookin aght a wun a t'windaz at a boddy, an callin ma in, but he diddant; an it wor happan az weel, for ah heddant a minnit a time ta spare for nowt, nobbat ta look abaght ma; beside, ah heddant gottan me booits blackt, not bein able ta see wun a t'brush-brigade all t'day, at least not wun at ah liket, for thear wor three-pairts on em az crafty az foxes,

an left t'heels a yer booits untutcht if yo diddant look sharp after em. Hey, wun day, ide t'frunt a me booits polisht like glass, an t'heels hed nivver been tutcht; thear thay wor, t'colour a clay, like az if ide been mackin spell hoyles at a knor an spell match. E goin throo a pair a big gates, thay browt me inta

T'PLACE DE LA CONCORD, an which way ta turn ah wor fairly puzzald, for boath at reight an left, an fair before ma, wor all grand alike we faantans an golden lamp-poasts. But az it wod-dant do ta stand still, ah moov'd on, an really it wor fair daan chantin; an az ah lookt, statues seem'd ta smile, an t'faantans ta throw up ther watter heigher an wider then ivver. Before t'year 1800, ah understood at this plaice wor call'd *Place de la Revolution*,—a wurd at wun cud hommast hear saandin yit e ivvery nook an corner e Paris. E t'middle a t'square there stood up az streight az a skittle-pin, a four-sided obelisk, browt throo Egypt, an wor wun a t'two at stood e t'frunt a t'great Temple a Thebes, 1550 years before Christ; it's marrable yo naw, an cuvvard all ovver, throo top to bottom, we hieraglificks an writein. Nah here it wor, upa this varry plaice at ime teilin yo on, at two thaazand foaks wor squeaz'd ta death, an az menny more ther toes troddan off an lain'd, at time at Marie Antionette wor mar-rid. It wor here too at boath hur an hur huzband hed ther heads tain off. An here wor executed Princess Elizabeth, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, an Sant Just,—but whether it wor just or noa ah caant tell, but wun ad think ta look at all this at thead been blood enif spill'd ta supply all t'faantans e this pairt for years ta cum. Hevin spent sum time here, ah waukt on ta

T'CHAMPS ELYSEES, which seem'd ta be a continuation a t'two plaices ide just left. It wor a varry nice cooil plaice, bein all cuvvard we trees an wauks, but e which wor a menny nuisances, at raither insultad my noaze more than ah liket.—A wun side a this plaice wor a lot a *cafés*, grandly fittad up, two espeshally, at which ah stopt ta hear t'singin at wor goin on, an thear wor thaazands a foaks there beside me, but haivver thay cud sit or stand ta see an hear sich rubbish wor astonishin, but so thay did, an do, az far az ah cud understand, t'year raand. Near to this plaice wor a nice quiat avenue call'd *Allée des Veuves*, owin to it bein fill'd e t'afternooins we rich widdaz e mournin, who not bein alaad ta go e t'publick wauks, ized ta meet here ta tell ther mournfull tales; it wor a hard caise wor this, for t'poor things, an it strikes me at thade a hed a job to a driven ar English wid-daz into a spot like this; wha a five bar'd gate woddant a stopt em, nor nowt like it. Beside this, let ma tell yo, at it wor here where t'allied armies camp't e 1815. It nah bein gottan dark, ah waukt back ta t'*Place de la Concorde*, an lookin daan t'avenue in a line we t'*Arc de Triomphe*, ah saw wun a t'grandist seets imaginubble, wun at ah woddant a mist for a trifle; a awther side wor lamps so cloise tagether at thay wor like two long lines ov fire, an t'lamps belongin ta hundards a carridges, goin an cumin, an crossin, seem'd az if t'stars hed dropt daan an wor

donein e honour a t'Exhebishan. This ah consider'd a plezant finish a t'day, an home ah trudg'd e hoape a hevin a good neet's rest; but it warrant so, for sum time or anuther ah wor wackand we a rattlin soart ov a noize; ah laid an lizand ivver sa long, wunderin wotivver it cud be, an not gien ovver, but kept rattle, rattle, rattle, ah gat up an hoppand t'chaimber door, we wun a t'chairs, mind yo, e me hand reddy ta thraw at onnyboddy if thay sud happan ta ha cum; at last, ah fun it aght at t'eat hed gottan it head fast e wun a me booits, an cuddant get it aght agean, an thear it wor twistin an tipplein furst off a wun step an then on to anuther like a cel. Hah it hed gottan in ah cuddant tell; haivver, ah gat fast houd ov it tail, at wor fruz'd aght a all sides like a bottle-brush, an off flew t'booit an t'eat an all! hey, reight ta t'bottam a t'stairs e wun loup, an where it went too ah cuddant tell, for ah nivver saw it after. It rather spoild my neet's rest, this did, an cauz'd ma ta gaibe ta that degree when ah gat up, at ah ardly cud see all ma faice at wunce it sceenin-glass, it wor sa long: haivver, ah brusht up, an off ah startad before breikfast—nah this wor *Setterday* mornin—an ah went ta hev a look at

T'ARC DE TRIOMPHE, which wor belt be order a Boanypairt, e 1806, ta commemorate hiz victories. E goin ont a t'top, a man in a little room at bottom began a splutterin summat or anuther, which ah fun aght wor, wod ah hev a lantern? which ah gat, an glad ah wor at ah did, for it wor az dark az pitch e sum pairs a t'road up: haivver, when ah gat ta t'top it wor clear enif an leet enif, for thear warrant a atam a smook ta be seen: no it lookt az if ivveryboddy hed stopt throo leetin ther fires wal ide hed a look at Paris, we it nice white houses and cherches, breet green woods an cloises, an silvery-lookin rivvers an streams, an hed a hearty good snuff ov it sweet clear air, at wor az refreshin az a glass a champaine. E cumin daan (e which ah warrant in a varry great hurry), an giein up me lantern, ah gav t'owd boy a trifle, for ah saw it wor a custom ta do so, an he wor sa pleaz'd we t'size at coin, at he began tryin ta blaw t'leet aght wethaght hoppanin t'lantern door. Nah this wauk gav a boddy a double soart ov a appetite for wun's breikfast, an wun a them long loaves at ive tell'd yo on before, it warrant aboon t'size ov a penny-rowl when ide finisht, it warrant, ah assure yo. After breikfast, off ah startad for

T'JARDIN DES PLANTES, be way a t'*Tuileries*, an stopt az ah went ta watch t'wimmin weshin cloaze e t'floatin wesheries e t'rivver Seine; an hev a peep through t'great wine markit, which wor qualified ta houd 450,000 casks, and where 1500 casks go in ivvery day, but not a drop did ah taste, nor ah diddant want, for ive noa idea a drinkin helligar an wattar, ah hevant, for it wor nowt na better warrant French wine, a deal on it. Well, when ah cum ta t'gardin-gates, ah thowt at ah sud a tumald a me back, t'scent a t'roses, pinks, pollyants, gillivers, minionet, musk, an uther flaaers went we sich an a foarce up me noaze, but az ah

went on, ah gat better. After gettin throo wun gardin, ah gat to a menagerie a wild creators, where ah wor much amus'd we sum bears in a pit, we ther anticks, though ah cuddant bear t'smell on em sa weel az ah cud t'flaars, egshacktly. Then there wor sum long-hair'd bulls an cahs, an hummin-burds throo China—we Chinamen ta tay care on em. Ta me, theaze customers wor az cureas az owt ah saw. Away throo here wor a soart ov a hoat-hause lookin plaice, full a snakes an askerds: ah lookt at theaze throo a winda, for ah wor noan sa fond on em, az it wor ah wor affread at thade thrust ther tangs, at they kept poppin aght, throo t'glass. Ah went t'next throo a beeldin, chock full a skeletans a men, animals, fish, an burds: an ah did go throo yo mind, an sharply too! for sum a t'skeletans wor enif ta scaar t'owd lad: beside, sum a t'things diddant owt ta be seen, an so yol say if ivver yo hev a look at em. T'museam a Nattarl History wor a wunderful seet, espeshally t'burds; ah thowt az ah lookt at em if Zack. Schofield cud but just hev a glent at t'lot, ead be noa getting him away wehaght pullin hiz cooit-lap or collar off, or summat a that soart. T'fackt wor, it wor a seet a seets, allta-gether, though raither dizzyin, we hevin ta twist an wauk abaght so,—an if a boddiz' head cud a twisted raand like a weather-cock it ad a been a varry good thing. T'long avenue a trees wor az eazy a piece a graand az thear wor e all t'gardin, an rairly ah enjoy'd it, for ah sat ma daan, an hoppand me ears az wide az ah cud get em, an lizzard ta t'burds singin an bees hummin. After ide rested mesen here abit, up ah jump, an made for

T'GOBLINS—not t'hobgoblins—noa, a plaice at's call'd so after a man a that name, who liv'd e t'year 1450. Nah e this spot ah felt a good deal ov intrust, hevin t'rattlin a looms e me ears ivvery day, though there wor noa sich rattle here. T'furst ov all, ah past throo five rooms fill'd we pickters ov tapistry an carpits a t'reign ov Francis t'*Furst*, Louis t'*Fowateent*, an Louis t'*Fifteent*, an sum newly dun. Next follad t'warkshops for tapistry an carpits, we twenty-five looms,—but not nick-a-ty nack-a-ty, like ar looms, noa, thay wor quite still. This wark wor call'd *haute lisse*, ovin ta t'warp bein plaict upreight. Here t'warkmen sat at t'back a ther warp, a which thay wor *wurkin*, we ther pattern behint em, at which they kept lookin. An, mind yo, thay wave sum hah or uther we ther fingers: there wor noa shuttle snatchin backads an forads, nor nowt a that soart, like az if thay wantad ta snap t'band. Ah twig'd a menny laidiz we ther noazes reight cloise ta t'warp, ta see hah it wor dun, thinkin thay cud larn summat: ah expecktad no uther but wot sum on em ad hev a bit clawkt aght on em we t'man's nail. T'next spot at ah cum to wor t'carpit shop; an here ah noatist at t'men stood e t'frunt a ther wark, an hed ther patterns ovver ther head or before em. Nah, though thay wor sed ta be grand, theaze carpits, an tade a man sumtimes five an ten years ta weive wun, ah cuddant but think at Crossley's carpitin, a Hallifax, lookt quite az weel az sum at ah saw. There wor abaght 120 weivers wurkt e this plaice; ther arnins wor

abaght 1,500 ta 2,500 francs a-year: so yo ma reckan hah that runs we t'waiges at sum a yo fancy damask weivin chaps gets. Nah then t'next day wor

SUNDAY, though ah cud ardlly tell at it wor, for t'shops wor all hoppan, an foaks az throng an az full a wark az if it wor Monday. Ah felt ivver sa quear do yo naw, abaght it, an began ta reckan t'days up ta see if ah warrant rang: but it wor Sunday, ah fun, reckan az ah wod. Sich bein t'caise, thowt ah (just for cureosaty's sake, nowt else), ile goa ta t'Madaleine, an see heigh mass perform'd. So ah did: an ah mun tell yo at it wor nowt but bowin an scrapein, bell tinklin, rattlin a chairs, an goin in an aght, summat like a markit hause or bazzar. At wun pairt a t'ceremony, there wor a preist, or summat a that soart, waukt up an daan t'aisles, slaatin foaks we a brush, at he kept dippin inta wattar. Ah diddant like it, for ah gat a dubble doase fair e me neck-hoyle. Another thing ah saw at raither tickald ma, an that wor, a man at stood e t'door-way we a raand brush in hiz hand, an when onny at congregashan went aght, thay tutcht it an then felt a ther forehead;—ah thowt, at furst, at thay wor tryin if thay cud pull t'hairs aght on it. Throo here ah went ta t'protestant chersch, e t'Rue de Aguesseau, which hoppand at two o'clock for sarvice. E goin in, ide ta pay a franc for me seat, which ah diddant grumal at abit, for it wor ta pay t'parsons ther salleries, an uther expenses; beside, there wor a capital good sarmon, an a good sarvice, at a boddy cud understand, same az if thay wor at home. It wor cram full a foaks, an wor a reight nice seet; t'cherch itsen wor a nice an too, an diddant smell a Puseyism a bit. There wor a capital picktar ovver t'olter be Annibal Carracci.

Nah az yol varry likely want to naw wot wor dun abaght t'Exhebishan, ah mun tell yo at it wor hoppan, an thronger then wot it hed been onny day e t'week before; but t'English stalls an goods, mind yo, wor nearly all cuvvard up, which wor credit-ubble ta them at thay belong'd too: of course there wor a bit a peepin, but that cuddant be helpt. Well, this bein a nice quiet day az far az ah wor consarn'd, ah wor hommast reddy ta get aght a bed a *Monday* mornin before ah wor wackan, ah wor sa restad! but, puttin joakin a wun side, ah felt az brisk az a bee; an after breikfast ah startad for

T'CHERCH A T'INVALEDES, ta see Napoleon's toomb; an bein e sich good trim for waukin, ah gat there hauf-an-haar before t'plaice hoppand, which wor twelve o'clock at noonin; an ah wor a bit sorry for it, for ah wor plaig'd me lifetime aght homast, we sum wimmin, ta bye a catalogue an medal a Napoleon, an ta be quiet ah bowt wun,—an ah sud advize yo ta do t'same, if yo get there ta sooin. E gettin inta t'cherch, ah sartanly mun say at it wor grand. T'furst object at struck ma wor t'olter, glitterin we gold an polisht marrable, throo t'pillars a which ah cud see t'chappil hung we flegs throo wun end ta t'uther. E t'middle a t'plaice, in a deep volt all hoppan at t'top, wor Napoleon's

tomb, an marrable coffin we t'lid off; but where he wor laid, ah wor gein ta understand, wor in a little dark room a wun side, up two or three steps, we a iron gate, an t'letter "N." on it. Ah lookt throo az weel az a cud, but cuddant see owt e t'shap ov a coffin. There wor sum uther things at lookt rather gloomy ta grave-like. Leavin here, ah went below ta where t'entrance ta t'volt wor, but worrant alaad ta go in. A awther side a this door, wor t'toombs ov General Bertrand and General Duroc,—two a Napoleon's great feightin men. Here let ma tell yo wot wor writtan ovver t'door at volt:—

"I wish my remains to be deposited on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have loved so much."

Nah this wor e French, an there wor a yung Englishman stood beside on ma at cud splutter a bit a French, set too a readin it; an yo moant laff when ah tell yo at for "*Je désire que mes cendres*," he read it, "I wish my cinders"! but whether yo laff or noa, ah did, for all ah wor e t'volt. An before ah leave off tellin yo abaght this plaice, allah ma ta say, at its generally understood at Napoleon's body lays under t'heigh olter, an not e t'little dark room which ivveryboddy hurrys ta look into t'furst thing. This seet, ah mun tell yo, pleaz'd ma; an be way a keepin up t'subjeckt, ah startad throo here, after seein t'emperor review thurty thaazand sowgers e t'CHAMPS DE MARS, for

T'CHAPEL OV SANT FERDINAND, ta see t'toomb a poor Duke ov Orleans. T'way at ah went wor throo t'*Bois de Boulogne*, where t'revolushanists wunce chopt ivvery tree daan nearly ta t'stump, an where t'allied armies encampt e 1815, an where there wor a great menny duels an suicides, which ah diddant like egshactly, so gat aght on it az sooin az ah cud, for fear at ah sud be hevin a itchin a that soart; an reichin

NUILLY, ah wor astonisht an pleaz'd at seein writtan up agean a hause side, "West Yorkshire Stingo!" Well, cum this iz a Christian country, thowt ah: thinkin at it wor sumady aght a t'same caanty az mesen: an inta t'hause ah popt, an wor met be t'landlord, we a "Hah do yo do, Sur?" an put hiz hand aght at same time ta hev a hearty weg, an daan we sat; an a reight interestin owd boy ah fun him. He wor an Englishman, but not aght a Yorksher, an hed been at Nully thurty years; hiz name wor West. Here it wor, we t'French painter not puttin a comma after hiz name, at ah thowt at it wor *West Yorkshire Stingo* at he sell'd. Ah cuddant houd throo laffin abaght it, an he cuddant nawther, when ah tell'd him hah ah understood it. E wer tawk abaght t'Duke ov Orleans, he sed he wor t'furst ta pick him up when he fell aght ov hiz carridge, which wor just anent his hause; an so wor t'chappil, where ah went too, an a nice little plaice it wor: ah felt reight quear, do yo naw, it lookt sa solom. Upa t'olter wor a marrable likeness a t'prince, an a aingil kneelin at his head,—t'last a which wor dun be t'Princess ov Orleans, who little thowt, poor thing, when shoo wor doin it, oaze toomb

it wor for. Then there wor t'room where t'prince deed in, just same az it wor at time, we a clock in a black marrable caise, we wun ov it hands stopt at ten minnits to four, t'time at t'duke deed, an t'tuther hand pointin ta ten minnits ta twelve, t'haar when t'duke fell. Aghtside a t'chappil wor a cedar tree, browt throo Lebanon be t'Duke ov Orleans, an planted be t'Count a Paris. Ah wor tell'd be me owd friend West, a "t'Yorkshire Stingo" hause (an oa yo mun be sure an call to see), at t'duke wor varry much respected be t'English, an ivvery wun at vissited Paris cam ta see hiz toomb. Leavin here, an in me way home (for sich ah call'd it, we bein sa cumfatubble), ah stopt ta hev a look at

T'COLONNE VENDÔME, which wor put up be Napoleon, e memory ov hiz feightin e t'Garman campaign e 1805. It wor 135 feet heigh, wor this iron cannalstick-lookin article, we a statue a Napoleon at top on it, an cuvvard ovver we brunze figures kest aght a 1200 peices a cannon tain throo t'Rushans an Austrians. Ah wor shewn up ta t'top we a lantern, for it wor az dark az goin up a chimley-flue, an after hevin a view a t'tops a t'hauses, spaats, an inta foaks' skye-leets, an gettin safe onta t'graand wunce more—which ah allas thinks az safe a spot az onny—ah cut raand t'street corners home az owd fashion'd az if ide been born an browt up e Paris, an went ta bed when t'time cum az tiard az a thrasher. E t'mornin, when ah wantad to goa daan t'stairs, t'door hed gottan fassand sumhah or anuther, an hah ah cuddant tell, an ah cuddant get aght. Well, ah wor in a bonny fix! an raand t'room ah went, hey, a duzzan times ah sud think, like a wild beast in a caige, ta find a bell, but the dence a one cud ah see; an wot ta do ah diddant naw, for knockin at t'door wor a noa use; at last ah beng'd up t'winda, an ivveryboddy at went by ah call'd aght on em,—“Can yo speik English, if yo pleaze?” Ah did thiz to a hundard foaks, an more, but it wor ta noa use; for noa daaght thay thowt ah wor sumady at wor soft; at last wun gentleman at ah call'd too, sed “We, Messieur!” an tellin him hah ah wor fixt, an hed been for haars, he went in ta t'hause an tell'd em, an up thay cum an set ma at liberty, an aght ah went az pleaz'd az a dog at hed been chein'd up for a week; though it wor rather vexin, becos ide fixt upa *Tuesday* for goin ta

VERSAILLES: haivver, az late az it wor, off ah brusht ta t'Northern Railway stashan, near *Rue St. Lazerie*, an tayin a seekand-class ticket, which wor 1½ francs, ah wor popt into a room at wor penn'd off inta three plaices, accordin ta t'class at ah wor goin ta travil by, an when t'train wor reddy for startin, we wor let aght e classes, viz., furst, seekand, an thurd. There we gat inta wir plaices, wethaght onny bussalin, or poolin wun anuther coit-laps off; an t'carriages, thay wor so cumfatubble at ah diddant want ta get aght, ah liket it so. Another thing: for all t'French are sich great smookers, thare varry patickalar abaght smookin e t'in-side a t'carriages; an be way ov accomodashan, an at thay may enjoy ther cegar or pipe, there wor plaices upa t'roof a t'carriages

—wha smook-rooms, ah call'd em,—an varry good, too; nobbat there wor wun nuisance belong'd it, an that wor, ther spittin, for it cum rattlin daan t'sides like a thunnar shawer; an if yo happand ta hev yer head aght at winda, lookin abaght yo, varry likely yod get a sprint at woddant be varry nice. Though ah thowt if t'English railway carridges wor made wit t'same accommodashan it ad be a varry good thing; wal ah thowt agean, if thay wor, thead be menny a wun tippald off at times, e ther marlakin, for theaze as much difference az there iz between leet an dark, e t'two countries. T'English are all life an gam when thare travellin, wal t'French ar az quiat an az still az if thay wor goin ta a berrying. A this road, which ah hope a menny on yo al travil, eaze a fine view a Paris, az far az Sant Cloud; ta see it ta perfeckshon, iz ta get onta top a yer carridge, then yor e full view a vineyards, gardens, sheets a wattar, Arc de Triomphe, t'doom a t'Invalides, an t'taars a Notre Dame, all t'way: but t'Arc de Triomphe, mind yo, wor head an shoolders aboon em all. After gettin ta Versailles, we it 30,000 inhabitants, an e which there wor a good deal a olterashans an improvements goin on a all sides, be t'order a t'emperor, ah made me way up a lot a nasty boolder'd streets—t'boolders big enif ta mack a corn jump reight aght a t'top ov a boddiz' bootit,—ah cum ta


T'PALACE, t'seet a which made wun forget all abaght t'streets, t'corns, an ivverything. E t'square, e t'frunt a t'palace, wor a colossal statue a Louis XIV. a horseback, sed ta be t'best statue e Versailles: an so it sud, ah thowt, when it tade two men ta mack it,—wun man t'horse, an t'tuther man t'king. Up e t'tip top winda wor a clock, held up be figures a Mars an Hercules; t'last on em lookt strong enif ta hound it be hiszen. T'faice a this clock, ah larnt, wor nobbat ized ta mark t'haar a t'last king's death. Hevin waukt abaght a bit e t'great square, ah went inside, an after goin throo a room or two, fill'd we picktars, ah cum into a long-passage, like a chereh-volt hommast, we all marrable statues a dead foaks, laid daan an stannin up. Thay wor grand, noa daght, but for all that thay made me feel raither quear; an goin up a staircase into a room, there ah saw t'chapil, propt up a boath sides we pillars, an t'ceiling painted all over we aingils, an flaars, an real swallows flyin an twitterin abaght t'plaice az happy az cud be. This, ta me, wor t'moast splendashas seet e t'palace, an, thowt ah (az ah ran up a toathre a octaves) ide gie ivvery haupney e me pockit, an buttons off a me coit, if ah cud but just hear sum a ar Huthersfield or Honley singers gie t'Messiah e t'plaice;—t'chorrusses ad a made sum a t'aingils smile, ah naw. E turnin ma raand, ah lookt throo a winda on ta t'graands; an if ivver owt wor grand, it wor. Then ah cum into a gallery full a picktars, an ta describe t'splendashasness on it ah cuddant, no, not if ide hauf-a-duzzan foaks ta help ma. Here it wor at ah saw t'likeness a Louis Sixteent, an hiz wife, at wor beheaded: poor things, thowt ah! wot a pitty it wor ta spoil sich fine caantenances az thay seem'd ta hev. Well,

after waukin throo menny a score rooms, an slippin abaght a t'floor, an bein daan a me rig two or three times—for it wor az slippy az bein on a ice in a pair a clogs; but it wor nobbat like wot t'floors ov all t'publick beeldins wor e Paris, owd oak, an polisht so wal yo mud see yersen in em, hommast—ah went up into a suite a rooms next ta t'roof, an there spied a likeness ov ar Queen, at which ah tade me hat off, an gav three times three, which made a painter, at wor tayin a copy ov hur, jump reight off an hiz chair, an knock hiz paintin-cratch daan nearly. Wot he thowt, ah cuddant tell, no, na more then if he'd spokan; but he gav me a rare savage stare, an then went on we hiz job agean. At t'reight hand side a t'Queen, wor Prince Olbert, an George t'Fowat. Throo here, ah made me way aght, an went ta look t'graands ovver, an gettin ta where t'flight a steps wor, ah stood an lookt raand, for t'set wor grand. After this, ah cut an twistad abaght among t'wauks an trees, we statues peepin aght e all dereckshans at a boddy. Then ah went an lookt ovver a wall into a orange-gardin, which lookt ta me like a cloise full a green umbrellas. E t'small orangery, there wor a statue a t'Duke ov Orleans. Az for t'faantans, at so much wor sed abaght, thay worrant playin; ah wor tell'd at Sunday wor t'faantan day ta spluttar wattar up, so ah satisfied mesen seein em az thay wor. After seein this, for Paris ah startad, be t'same raat az ah cum. An be way ov a chainge, ah thowt ide hev a dinner at a *restaurant* call'd t'John Bull, e 4, *Au coin de la Place de Rivoli*; it wor t'name at ah liket, yo naw. An in ah went, an before ide weel gottan set daan, t'waiter popt a board e me hand az big az a battledoor nearly, an printad all ovver e French. Well az ah wor throng lookin at it, an thinkin at same time, "Well, it's a puzzler, iz this!" an a deal on it, t'waiter sed, pointin ta wun at wurds, "Beef *rawty*, Messieur?" turning ma raand, an lookin him fair it faice, ta see if he wor joakin,—beef *rawty*, thowt ah; beef *rawty*:—wha that must mean sum jackass! "No, not a bit, thank yo," sed ah; "bring me sum mutton, an then ah sal naw wot it iz!" So he did, for he seem'd ta understand wot ah ment, an a capital dinner ah gat. T'next day bein *Wednesday*, ah set it aght for seein

T'COLUM OV JULY: an e goin on t'street ah stopt ta hev me bootis clean'd, for noabdy cud tell wot they wor made on, we lime an sand wot thay mend t'streets e Paris we; an a bonny ta do ah made on it, for wal ah wor throng lookin abaght ma, there t'chap hed goan an blackt wun a me booit tops all ovver! Well, ah wor e sich a way abaght it, at ah tade me fooit an sent him end ovver end, an hiz blackin-bottle an brushes an all. Well, ah nivver saw a fella sa scaard e my life az he lookt when he fun his legs agean, an ad a dun owt to a gottan it off agean when ide made him understand wot he'd dun, but ah woddant let him; an away ah went az ah wor, an ivveryboddy laffin at ma,—an them at worrant, ah thowt thay wor—an gat on ta t'top ov a omnibus beside at Madeleine, an a nice ride ah hed, reight daan t'*Boule-*

wards,—a street two miles long, an lined a boath sides we furst-rate shops. When ah gat ta t'Colum, ah thowt it wor that e t'Place Vendome, it wor sa like it at furst-seet, nobbat this hed a gold figure a Liberty at top on it, breikin it cheins. Understandin at there wor a good view off a t'top, up ah went, an we it bein all made a iron, an a burnin hoat day, it wor az bad az bein in a huan homast; an ime sure ah nivver expecttad nawther but wot my noaze ad a been all ov a blister. After hevin a grand look ovver Paris, an gettin ta t'bottom agean, ah went inta t'volts below, ta see where thay at wor kill'd e t'revolushan laid, which ah fun ta be lost time, for it warrant wurth t'truble, an t'hauf-franc at t'man demandad at went we ma we hiz lantern. Nah here it wor, yol understand, at Archbishop Affree gat shot e tryin ta persuade t'mob ta be quiat; an at t'aghtside a t'Colum wethin sum iron railin, wor t'spot where Louis Philip's throne wor burnt e 1848. Throo here ah waukt on ta

PERE LA CHAISE, a picktaresk berryin-graand, ov a 150 acres, cuvvard we toombs, cypresses, willows, an flaaars, wun at wor hommast enif ta mack a boddy wish ta be buried in it for awhile, it lookt sich an a nice cumfatubble plaice. Thay wor like little hauses wor a menny a t'plaices, we chairs, crusifixes, an cannals in; an wreaths of "immortelles" encireling t'wurds "regrets," an "souvenir." Here t'friends a them at wor berrid, go in an sit at times, an prays; an ameng t'toombs, t'same. It wor true at ide noabdy berried e this plaice, but it struck ma, az ah lookt daan at me booit, at foaks ad think at ah wor e hauf-mournin for sumdy. Ah cud see, e lookin raand, ah a menny great foaks laid here, sich az Caant Demisdoff; Laplace, t'great astronomer; Volney, Labedoyere; Madam Cotton, t'novelst; Hue, t'faithful attendant a Louis XVI.; Manuel, t'great orator; Sidney Smith, Marshall Ney—yes, poor fella! an he'd no toomb—he wor laid in a little gardin, nicely fencd an trim'd: ah thowt az ah lookt ovver t'fence, at t'English foaks owt to erect a monument ovver him, an it wor a shame at thay diddant. Nah's the time, let it be done! There wor Sur George Wombwell, who died February 17th, 1835, aged 58: ah wor pleaz'd at t'seet a this becos he wor a Yorkshireman. Ah mun tell yo at t'road leadin up ta *Père la Chaise* warrant wethaght a bit a intrest,—at least it warrant ta me, for it wor lined we shops a awther side, where thay manufacterd an sell'd monuments, tombs, an *immortelles*. Ah wor ammused we t'last affair, an stoit ta watch sum wimmin mack em. Well, nah, az this wor t'last restin plaice for a menny foaks, it wor t'last plaice at ah hed ta see e Paris, for off ah wor ta owd Englandshire. But before ah leave off tawkin ta yo, just lizzan a bit longer wal ah tell yo wot ah think a t'French foaks, an a few uther things at may be a sum use ta yo if yo

 O TA PARIS.—T'furst ov all, then, yol understand, at t'French, who ar bits a favrits a mine, ar abaght t'civilist foaks at ivver ah met we; for if ah axt em a queshtan,

—noa matter rich or poor,—ide allas a civil anser, an a scien-
tiffick bow we it beside; hey, sich az ad a brokan mennu a wun
ther back e ar country. Beside, if thay met a boddy, thade turn
varry politely a wun side, wethaght shuin yo off a t'causa or
knockin t'wind aght on yo we ther elbow, which iz a varry com-
mon pracktis we a mennu foaks a this side a t'dyke, at reckans
ta be civilized. Agean, if yor travilin in a railway carridge,
diligence, or omnebus, thay doant run an scramal for a seat, or
stamp yer toes off nearly we gettin ta it, no,—thay do it nice an
quiatly, which ah relisht varry much; for my coit laps hed been
made ta crack, an toes ta smart, aboon abit, mennu a time when
ive been travilin e owd Englandshire. Hey, an my hoape iz, at
theal be a rush a theaze soart a foaks ta Paris, an at thay may
cum back agean profitad be t'lessan at thale hev gottan—ah
mean e manners. Speikin faather abaght t'French foaks: ah
mun say at ther uther habits diddant fit my taste abit. Thay
wor too fond a flurтин abaght a seet seein; wha it seem'd az if
it wor all thay thowt abaght; an deckin thersenze aght, t'wim-
min espeshally, who wor noan sa varry hansum; no, ah niver
saw wun e all t'thaazands at ah lookt at, at cum wethin fifty de-
grees ov ar bonny lasses at home here—ah mean at Pogmoor an
Pudsas, an a few uther plaices. But doant let me tellin yo so
mack yo vain, an think at yor t'biggist beuties e t'wurld, nah
mind that. Az for home, t'French muddant hev onny, for thay
wor like butterflees, allas aght a doors, an az happy seemingly az
it wor possable ta be. Az for a fratchous wurd, ah niver heard
owt like wun e all t'cumpanies ah gat into, awther aght a doors
or onnywhere else. Another thing, ah niver saw but two foaks
at wor fresh e all t'seven days at ah wor e Paris, which ah wor
pleaz'd at, wal e t'little bit a time at ah wor e Lunnan, ah saw
a hundard or more; a mennu a which wor regelar reelin an
tumalin daan caises. Nah e namein this, just tay a lesson be it,
an let t'Parisians see at John Bull can toss hiz enemy we hiz
horns but not we hiz maath; hey, do, an then ah sal be pleaz'd,
for ah diddant forget ta speik weel on you. Well, so far so
good: then let me tell yo e t'next plaice at when yo start on yer

JOURNEY TA PARIS, get ta Lunnan e t'best way yo can, an wal
there, or before yo leave England, get a suverin chaing'd for
French coin, becos yol find it varry usefull when yo land at tuther
side a t'dyke. Then go ta Lunnan-brig stashan an book yersen
for Paris, be way a Newhaven: that's t'best, t'eaziest, an t'cheap-
ist raat ther iz accordin ta my noashan: an there get yet pass,
if yo arant a wurkin-man; if yo ar, yol get wun at home for
nowt. Yis, an it strikes me at theal be hundards a *wurkin*-men
go ta Paris we that cheap bit a paper, at weant be wurkin-men
at home. But if yo doant like ta go this way, yo can go be

CALAIS TA PARIS, be Lille an Amiens, e eight ta ten haars, or
be

BOULOGNE TA PARIS, where there's a fine cherch at Abbeville,
an Cathedral at Amiens, e six ta eight haars; or be

HAVRE TA PARIS, passin throo Rouen, e five ta seven haars. Packits ta land yo at theaze sea-side plaices, leave Lunnan-brig, Dover, an Folkstone, ivvery day. But let ma tell yo, before yo leave Lunnan, get ta naw, if yo possibly can, where yor barn too, a hotel or private-hause; if yo doant, yol find yol be rairly bother'd at t'far end. My advice is, private lodgins, if yo can possibly get em. Thare less expence be a good deal, for there yo can get yer breikfast if yo like, or go to a *restaurant*, an then off for t'day; that's the style! an yor az independant az a little king. An mind this, when yo get ta Paris, doant let a poarter finger yer luggidge, wethaght just mackin a bargain we him, if yo do he'll just drop on ta yo we a good heavy chairge for hiz job—ah naw that little bit be experience. If yov a wish ta go to a HOTEL, theaze "t'*Hotel Victoria*," a English hause, cloise ta t'Madeleine, sed ta be varry cumfortubble, an reasonubble e ther chairges—"Hotel du Rhone," No. 5, Rue du Grenelle—"Hotel de Lille et d'Albion:" a menny English go there; but ah heard lots a travilers say at it wor a dear hause. Then theaze "t'*Grand Hotel de Castile*," Rue de Richelieu; "Hotel Brighton," Rue Rivoli, are both good hauses, an chairge abaght at t'same rate az thay do at an head inn e England. There ar a menny uther good hotels no daght, if a boddy hed been longer e Paris to a ferritad em aght. Then az ta gettin yer

DINNERS at a *restaurant*, let me tell yo ta go be all means ta Lucas's, 14, Rue de la Madeleine, and doant go before four o'clock, for that's time at thay begin dinner. Here yo can hev ivverything furst-rate, an a English waiter. Porter yol find, az at moast uther plaices, ta be two francs a bottle, an bitter-beer two-an-a-quarter francs. Then theaze t'*JOHN BULL*, No. 4, au Coin de la place de Rivoli—a capital hause, where theaze rost-beef an plum-puddin allas—that iz throo four to seven o'clock. Wha thay think at a Englishman caant liv wethaght it. Ther chairges ar

BREIKFAST—Tea or coffee, we bread an butter, 80 centimes, or 8*d*.

DEJEUNER—Two plates a meit, 1 plate a vegetables, an hauf-bottle a wine, 1 franc 25 centimes, or 1*s*. 1*d*.

DINNER—Two plates meat an potatoes, 1 plate vegetables, an hauf-bottle a wine, 1 franc 35 centimes, or 1*s*. 2*d*.

Omnebus ridin ah consider cheap. Wha yo can ride all ovver Paris nearly for 3*d*. An let me tell yo, at if yo sud happan ta be ridin, an t'bus duzzant happan ta be goin ta yor journay end, besure an ax for a *Correspondence*; t'guard then al gie yo a tickit for another bus. Ther CAB FARES, we four wheels an two horses, ar 1 franc 50 cents, for ivvery drive; if be t'haar, 2 francs 75 cents for t'furst haar, an 2 francs for ivvery haar after.

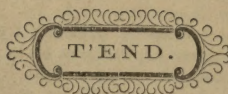
Nah yol like ta naw abit a summat abaght ther brass, which puzzald me at furst, az much az ther tawk did; haivver ah fun it aght, after gein mesen a bit a skooilin, at *centimes* wor a hundardth part of a franc: that bein t'caise, *ten* made a penny; *wun* sous

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S VISSIT TA PARIS.

or *two sous*, made *five an ten centimes*. A franc wor 10*d.*, 25 ov which is gien for a suverin. Yis, an let me tell yo, at az sooin az yo get ta Paris, get wun or two suverins chaing'd,—its rather cumbersum stuff, ime aware, iz sa much silver,—but nivver mind that; for yol find yol be a saver by it, for if yov ta get a suverin chaing'd at onny a t'plaices where yo may happen ta be byein owt, yol get chizzel'd, for thale gie yo az much small chainge az al tay yo a day ta caant! Nah, az to ther centimes, there worrant sich an a coin e egshistance; an yol happan laff when ah tell yo at ah wor two or three days befoar ah fun this aght, an hed bother'd mesen, an uthers beside, ta get sum. But if ther hed been onny, foaks ad a hed ta a carrid a spie-glass e ther pockit to a seen em, thade a been sa small!

Ah owt to a tell'd yo, at ther wattar warrant good; an ah liket it war when ah wor tell'd at there wor four millians a human folks berrid e t'catacombs under Paris! Mind yo, ah drank az little az ah cud help, for ah wor tell'd not, for it generally made foaks badly,—that wor, strainers,—an so did ther vin ordinaire. T'best drink at ah gat wor seltzer-wattar.

Nah then, hevin dun me best ta gie yo all t'infamashan ah cud abaght t'French Exhebishan: Paris, we it endless seets ov picktars an sowgers, beeldins an foaks: let ma advize yo ta go ta Paris be all means, for varry little means, we a cheap trip, al do it; an if not there, moast sartanly yo mun hev a peep at t'Crystal Palace at Sydenham. An let me tell yo, if yo go ta Paris, not ta hev a stick or umbrella we yo when yor aght a seet-seein, for ide a stick, an it wor more bother an trubble ta me then owt else, for at ivvery beeldin ah went into ide ta gie up me stick, an when ah gat it back agean, there wor two sous ta pay. An let me tell yo agean, if yo go ta Paris, hev sumady we yo at can speik French, if it's a bit it al do; if yo heviant, yol find at yol be put abaght a good deal. Well, nah then, pack up, an away we yo! an if yo see as much e t'same time, az ah did, yol be varry clever foaks.



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